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# McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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## SMETHPORT ENTRIES SUCCESSFUL

### In Tennis Tournament Held at Warren Last Week.

### WIN TWO OUT OF FOUR CUPS.

**Hamlin and Newman Win the Championship Doubles and Chas. E. McCoy the Consolation Singles.**

The tennis tournament held at Warren last week came to an end on Friday and as a result two of the cups come to Smethport—the championship doubles, won by Paul D. Hamlin and E. T. Newman, and the consolation singles, won by Charles E. McCoy.

Smethport entries in the tournament were: T. R. Lyle and C. E. McCoy in the singles and Paul D. Hamlin and E. T. Newman, H. H. Redfield and Scott F. Redfield in the doubles.

Monday morning Theron R. Lyle defeated O. D. Spenser, Erie, 6-4, 6-0; D. D. King, Warren, defeated Charles E. McCoy 6-1, 6-4; Redfield brothers defeated Barnett and Crawford, Franklin, 6-0, 6-2. Monday afternoon Hamlin and Newman defeated Macy and Grant of Franklin 6-1, 6-1.

Tuesday Lyle in the singles and Redfield brothers in the doubles went down to defeat, while Hamlin and Newman won from Copeland and Risden of Kane 6-4, 6-2. In the consolation singles McCoy defeated Quigley, Lock Haven, 6-0, 6-0. Smethport entries made a clean sweep for the balance of the tournament.

Hamlin and Newman went through the preliminaries without losing a set. In the finals of the championship doubles Friday morning they met two very strong players in Alexander and King of Warren, whom they defeated in an exciting five-set match, making their champions of this year's tourney. In the challenge match Friday afternoon Messrs. Hamlin and Newman were pitted against the holders of the trophy, Messrs. Lane and Gephart of Bellefonte. After their hard match of the morning their most ardent admirers hardly looked for them to defeat this strong pair, who had been taking it easy all the week getting a line on the play of their possible opponents, but they proved equal to the occasion and won after a most exciting five-set match.

In commenting on the tournament the Warren Mirror says: "The standard of play has been much higher than in previous years. In the doubles the work of the Smethport pair, Hamlin and Newman, was a revelation to many of the spectators of what team work should be."

As a result of the play the cups were awarded as follows:

Championship singles, W. C. Billings of Erie.

Championship doubles, Paul D. Hamlin and E. T. Newman of Smethport.

Consolation singles, Charles E. McCoy of Smethport.

Consolation doubles, C. R. Armstrong and L. M. Hayes of Lock Haven.

### *Caught in the Act.*

Chief of Police M. D. Murray with Captain Foust and Officer Lane, captured a bold burglar in the act of robbing the stores of Ike Simons at Nos. 52 and 54 Main street shortly after 12 o'clock this morning.

Early in the evening the Chief had received a tip that the job was to be done last night and later he secured a key to the stores and he and Captain Foust went inside, while Officer Lane was stationed at the rear of the building to watch. Inside the stores the officers secluded themselves behind curtains and waited for an hour and three-quarters before the thief appeared. There was a slight racket at one of the rear windows and the burglar forced open the iron shutters. Next the intruder broke out a piece of glass just over the catch at the top of the sash and he had clear sailing. He reached in and turned the catch and then raised the sash and in a few moments was inside.

The thief at once got behind a pile of clothing and was in the act of trying on a suit, when the officers covered him with their guns and commanded him to throw up his hands. The burglar offered no resistance and made no remarks. But he was a very much surprised man.

The prisoner said that his name was John Buchanan and that he was from Ohio. He was following the races.—Tuesday's Era.

Buchanan was brought to the county jail Wednesday morning in default of $600 bail.

### 26 Years Success.

Westbrook Academy, Olean, will begin its 27th year, Sept. first, with a list of more than 3000 graduates.

The teacher is the most important educational factor in the Edinboro State Normal School. Fall term opens Sept. 8, 1908. John F. Bigler, Prin.

### Masonic Clam Bake.

The annual Masonic outing and clam bake of McKean Lodge, No. 388, was held at Island Park yesterday afternoon and with one exception it was a most decided success.

Promptly at noon the party commenced to gather and in a short time about fifty members of the Masonic bodies and their wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, sweethearts and friends to the number of over a hundred more were present. Excellent clam chowder and other light refreshments were served at luncheon.

The next on the program was a matched game of indoor baseball between the Shriners and Blue Lodge Masons. The game was exciting from the start and many sensational plays kept up the interest to the finish. Grand Master of Ceremonies Gorton, the man who makes his own rules, acted as umpire and Harry Wells, of Red Cross fame, did the scoring, so there is no telling what the actual score of the game was, but a majority of the spectators seemed to be of the opinion that the Blue Lodge made the most runs and therefore the game was awarded to them in joint convention by acclamation. The balance of the time intervening to the time of opening the bake was devoted to cards and other amusements.

Shortly after four o'clock the pit was opened and delicious green corn was very fine but when it came to the fish, chicken, clams, sweet and native potatoes it was discovered that only a part of the fish and a few of the potatoes were sufficiently cooked to be palatable. Chefs Curran and Eckert were simply dumfounded, for they had done everything in their power to make this one of the greatest successes of their long and heretofore unbroken list of successful bakes. And the fact that at the time they could find no plausible reason for the failure only added to their humiliation. This morning, however, Mr. Curran discovered the real reason for the failure was unavoidable. The pit was dug close to the bank of the creek in the soft loam and everything was in proper shape but during the time the water raised sufficiently to allow it to seep through the sandy soil and into the bottom of the pit, cooling the stones and making it impossible for the many delicacies to be properly cooked. More splash was evidently put on the dam thus backing up the water and the rise was so gradual that no one thought of what the result would be.

The large party assembled took their misfortunes good-naturedly and every body went home feeling that they had spent a pleasant afternoon, even though they had been beaten out of the major portion of a great feast.

### A Man Missing.

James Winkler, aged 34 years, of Wetmore started out last Thursday morning to pick blackberries and has not been seen or heard from since. When he did not return Thursday evening his family became alarmed and notified the neighbors who organized searching parties and scoured the woods and blackberry patches all day Friday but the only trace that was found was his blackberry pail.

It was finally decided to call up the Warren police for assistance. Chief Parsons arrived Saturday with his blood hound which was put on the trail. The dog took up the scent at Wetmore and followed it all day Saturday and Sunday which led to the spring on the Keelor lease, where he evidently stopped to get a drink. At this point the trail was considerably confused and they decided to give up the search until Monday. After working all day Monday without any success, Chief Parsons abandoned the search, and nothing has been heard of him yet.

Mr. Winkler was subject to epilepsy and it is supposed that he was taken with one of these spells, or it is possible that the unfortunate man in an exhausted condition has wandered away in a state of mental collapse.

When last seen Mr. Winkler wore a dark blue coat and dark cotton trousers. Any information which will lead to his whereabouts will be thankfully received.—Kane Leader.

### Paving Progressing.

The work on the paving is progressing very nicely and already it is plain to be seen that when the work is done Smethport will have about the prettiest Main street to be found in this section of the country.

The grading is practically completed between Church and Mechanic streets and most of the curb has been laid on the south side between State and Union streets. As soon as the curb is laid on the north side of these blocks the work of putting in the crushed stone and cement will be started.

There still seems to be a good deal of speculation about how far the pavement will extend and on this point we wish to state that there is every reason to believe that this pavement will extend the full mile—that is from Long street to McCoy's corner—with a possibility of its extending further.

Subscribe for the MINER.

## THOUGHTS ON BUSINESS

BY

WALDO PONDRAY WARREN

### USE YOUR WASTEBASKET MORE.

DID you ever see a man's desk piled high with paper and things, the pigeon-holes crammed full, and running over? Do you know what the trouble is? It is this: He keeps a lot of things he ought to put in the wastebasket. He keeps them because he thinks he will want them some day, and is afraid to throw them away. If he would look squarely at every paper that comes to his desk, and decide then and there as to its actual value, he could throw away a great deal of stuff and never miss it.

Few causes contribute so much to encourage a habit of indecision as keeping old things because you don't want to make up your mind to dispose of them. A man who saves too many old things gets stopped up mentally, because every paper he puts away has a thought in his mind to correspond with it, which says, "Some day I'm going to do something about that paper." An accumulation of such intentions is not wholesome; it distracts the mind from present work.

If you are like that, use your wastebasket. If you know a man like that, mark this paper and put it on his desk. He will thank you some day.

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### THE WARNER AFFAIR.

**Coroner's Jury Render Verdict—Miss Peeler Committed to Jail.**

The coroner's jury in the Warner murder case, an account of which was given last week, rendered the following verdict last Friday night:

"Roy Warner came to his death between the hours of 5 o'clock p. m. and 6 o'clock p. m. on Sunday, the 2nd day of August, A. D. 1908, at the house in the rear of No. 23 Davis street, in the city of Bradford, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, by gun shot wounds in the heart and, through the head, fired from a revolver in the hands of some person unknown to this jury."

District Attorney Mayo after the inquest made information charging Miss Anna Peeler with slaying Roy Warner while living at the time of the tragedy, with murder. The accused was given a hearing before Alderman Williams at Bradford Saturday morning and held without bail on the charge. She was brought over and lodged in the county jail Monday morning.

Anna Peeler is 22 years old and, according to her own story, has led a wayward life for the past five years. She claims Warner fired the shots that killed him and wounded her, and as they were alone when the tragedy occurred any evidence to the contrary must be purely circumstantial. The physicians in the case state that it is impossible that Warner could have fired the two shots into himself or that he could have inflicted the two wounds on her in the manner she described. Otherwise her testimony was uncontradicted. The outcome of the case will be watched with interest.

### Mad Dog Scare.

The people of Farmers Valley and that vicinity are greatly excited over a hydrophobia scare and there seems to be good grounds for their fears. Some two weeks ago a dog went through that section, acting as though he had rabbies, and then several hogs, a few cows and we believe some dogs have apparently been suffering with this terrible malady.

What became of the dog we have been unable to definatly learn. Some claim the dog was killed while others say that no one knows where he went or what became of him. But the trouble seems to be confined to this locality so it is reasonable to assume that he was either killed or died from the disease.

So far as we can learn no human being has been bitten but at least one man had a very narrow escape. After this dog had evidently bitten several pigs belonging to Henry W. Roeder, the brute ran into the barn or barnyard where Mr. Roeder was milking, skirted around a little, came up and put his nose in Mr. Roeder's lap, turned around and ran away without offering to bite him. The only explanation of his escape is that mad dogs have lucid moments when they are no more dangerous than any other dog and this was one of them.

During the past few days several of the animals bitten have showed symptoms of rabbies. Some of them have been killed and we understand that others have died. Many animals have been chained or securely confined and are being carefully watched for developments.

Dr. Dick of Kane, State Veterinarian, was notified of these conditions and paid a visit to that locality on Monday. He pronounced several of the cases brought to his attention as rabbies and has reported the same to the proper State authorities.

### Chestnut Fence Posts for Sale.

Second-growth chestnut fence posts at 12 cents each. Apply to James Quirk.

### Rules For Automobilists.

The following is a new code agreed upon for the season of 1908 by the Farmers' Anti-Auto Protective society, which has just held its annual convention in the different states in the Union:

1. On discovering an approaching team, the automobilist must stop at side and cover his machine with a turpaulin painted to correspond with the scenery.

2. The speed limit on country roads this year will be a secret, and the penalty for violating will be $10 for every mile an offender is caught going in excess of it.

3. In case an automobile makes a team run away, the penalty will be $50 for the first mile, $100 for the second, $200 for the third, etc., that the team runs, in addition to the usual damages.

4. On approaching a corner where he cannot command a view of the road ahead, the automobilist must stop not less than 100 yards from the turn, toot his horn, ring a bell, fire a revolver, halloo, and send up bombs at intervals of five minutes.

5. Automobiles must be seasonably painted—that is, so they will merge with the pastoral ensemble, and not be startling. They must be green in spring, golden in summer, red in autumn and white in winter.

6. Automobiles running on the road at night must send up a red rocket every mile, and wait ten minutes for the road to clear. They may then proceed carefully, blowing their horn and shooting Roman candles.

7. In case an automobile comes up behind and wants to pass, the farmer will affect deafness until the automobilist calls him a hard name.

8. In case a horse will not pass an automobile, notwithstanding the scenic turpaulin, the automobilist will take the machine apart as rapidly as possible and conceal the parts in the grass.

9. In case an automobile approaches a farmer's house when the roads are dusty it will slow down to one mile an hour, and chauffer will lay the dust in front of the house with a hand sprinkler worked over the dashboard.—Utica Herald.

### How it is Done.

A Kansas exchange says: Now and then some cheerful individual remarks to us: "Well, now that the paper is out I suppose that you can take it easy for three or four days." Yes, how delightful it is that the country editor has nothing at all to do between press days. Business runs along automatically. When paper bills come due money drops out of the sky with which to pay them. Subscribers view with each other to see who can pay the farthest in advance. Advertisers beg for additional space and the way news items jump up the editor is also pleased to contemplate.

There is something really strange about the way news items act. When the paper is out the editor simply goes to his desk, leans back in his easy chair, looks wise and then waits for the next week's press day. The day before press day the people line up before the office door and then file past his desk and tell him all the news of the week. He writes it up in about fifteen or twenty minutes, then takes it back and hangs it on the copy hook.

The compositors take the copy, shake it over the type cases, say a few mystic words, the type flies into place, and after a few passes by the foreman the forms are ready for the press again. And the editor goes down and deposits some more money in the bank.

It is the greatest snap in the catalogue. Now if the editor could only do away with press day his joy would be complete.

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### OLD CIVIL WAR NEWS.

**Items that Were and Are of Interest to Many of Our Readers.**

Yellow House, Va.
August 22, 1864.

EDITOR MCKEAN MINER:—The news of late battles has already broke on the throbbing hearts who wait with intense anxiety to learn the fate of friends who have mingled in these struggles. As all of the "old Bucktail boys" from McKean, save Adjt. Ernest Wright of Bradford and J. Campbell of Ceres, are prisoners, I will give briefly what I know of the circumstances and casualties. The 5th corps was pulloyed from the left front on the morning of the 16th and lay in reserve two days. On the morning of the 18th it moved toward the Weldon Road, the 1st division in the advance and our regiment, the 150th, at the head of the first division, deployed as skirmishers, when within 11 miles from the R. R. The cavalry videtts here told us that the enemy showed a force of five hundred on the evening previous on their picket line; that we would hear from them in the opposite woods while crossing the field in front. "Forward march!" and we emerged from the woods and moved quickly to the centre of the field, when bang! bang! comes from a score of muskets. "There they are, under that tree, behind those rail piles, give it to them! give it to them! and bang! bang! returning as well and fast as it comes. "Forward double quick, charge! and the woods are palmed with deafening cheers. There they go! there they run!" "Hit this fellow! Hit that one!" shout the men who have empty guns. "Don't shoot, that squad has surrendered!" comes from another part of the line. The woods are passed. "There, see those fellows running across the field, and see our cavalry dash after them and bring them right in the force of a squadron of gray cavaliers who choose to move in the opposite direction." "There are rallying in that stone house on the Rail Road a quarter of a mile away, and come on boys," is the cry again. The Rail Road and house are reached, and saddles, sabres, haversacks and blankets strew the ground, but the men have gone. "Get in line, men, along this fence, and wait for our support," commands the major—for a staff ranger showed we had left the skirmishers on our flanks in the rear. The column appearing we again advanced half a mile west of the Road, the second and third divisions moving toward Petersburg, while another force commenced destroying the R. R. I need not give in detail what followed during the remainder of this and the following day. You will have read how on the 18th the Second, Third and Fourth divisions repulsed the enemy with terrible slaughter. How on the 19th they came upon them like an avalanche, flanking them, gaining temporary advantage and taking a number of prisoners. How the First division of the Fifth and Ninth corps turned the tide and gained the works, inflicting dreadful punishment upon the rebels. Here again, after a day of rest, they came on our left flank but found the First and Fourth divisions intrenched on elevated ground, and came only to be repulsed twice, and losing in prisoners an entire brigade with a ... men stand of colors, besides a heavy loss in killed and wounded. Never did our boys inflict such punishment with so little loss to our side. Ah! it would have done every loyal man in McKean good to have seen our boys dealing death to rebels from their works and laughing to see them reeling and staggering in confusion, or coming too far, raise the white flag. Thank God they have been repulsed every time and we are able to hold the road. I confess I battle from a sense of duty. I am not one of those who hanker for fight, but I would like to fight them until snow flies if they come where they came yesterday.

I cannot learn as any of the McKean boys are wounded. Those in the old regiment were flanked, and taken prisoners without suffering severely—on the second day. Lieut. Wright of Smethport, Lieut. McCullough of Otto, Lieut. Lucore of Cameron, Sergt. Major Frank King, John Austin, Joseph Austin, Horace Babcock, Edgar W. Doe and Samuel Southwick are prisoners. Those of my company who sent home for their rifles had left the regiment and acted as pioneers are safe. The friends of Lieut. Robinson will be pleased to learn that he displayed his usual cool heroism and and is safe. Very truly

Samuel R. Beckwith,
Capt. Co. G. 150th Regt.

McKean county has given another one of her noble, brave boys to the country. Eber Donnison, a member of the old Bucktail regiment from Norwich township died a few days since, of chronic diarrhoea, a disease contracted while with his regiment near Petersburg. We did not receive the particulars of his death, further than he died in the West Philadelphia hospital. He has been sick for some time past, and when the regiment was ordered to the Weldon railroad, south of Petersburg, a few weeks since, Donnison was put into an ambulance, as he supposed, to follow the regiment. He turned up, however at City Point and from thence was brought directly to Philadelphia. After having been there a few days he wrote to his friends that he was improving, but the next message they received was written by another, and conveyed the mournful intelligence that his spirit had taken flight to another, and who can doubt but a better world. His aged parents have the heartfelt sympathy of all. They have made a great sacrifice for their country's good. The remains were brought home by his brother, Wm. Donnison, Esq., on Saturday Sept. 17, 1864. They were buried in Norwich on Sunday.

### A House Party.

Mrs. J. S. Douglas and Miss Bessie Heintzman have been entertaining a house party at Walcott Brook for the past ten days. Those in attendance were: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Douglas, Miss Mildred Douglas, J. J. Edmonds and Misses Ernestine and Mary Edmonds, Bayamon, Puerto Rico; Miss Cora Rohle, Las Animas, Colorado; Mrs. Arthur Hardley, Masters Redmayne Farquhar and Lawrence Hardley and Anthony and Joe Hirz, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Myra McCoy and Wilfred McCoy, North Tonawanda, N. Y.; Miss Ethlyn Colburn, Clair Alderman and Fred Abrams, Olean; Alfred Van Scoy, Bradford; Miss Nellie O'Day, Kane; Wallace Randall, Hazelhurst; W. H. Gallup and Leo Herzog, Smethport; Miss Caroline Putman and Atwood Putman, Newark; Mrs. W. S. Oviatt, Miss Mary Oviatt and Miss Bessie Heintzman, Colegrove.

Other guests have included Misses Esther and Cora Erhart, Colegrove; Miss Olive Wells, Harrisburg; Miss Salome Tieknor, Mrs. H. C. Wells, Miss Irma Wells, Sidney Burdick and Edmund Whitelaw, Smethport.

Monday evening the party was entertained at supper at the Wright House by W. H. Gallup, and afterwards returned to Crosby as an amateur polo team club.

### True Love.

Notwithstanding the fact that marriage in these days is often a failure, there are instances in which true, old-fashioned marital devotion still obtains. General David Wardwell, a hero of two wars, has shown by his devotion to his afflicted wife that there is such a thing as love in matrimony, "for better, for worse." Mrs. Wardwell, it was recently discovered, was suffering from leprosy. By nursing a brother, who had in his travels become afflicted with leprosy, she caught the disease. When the awful truth of Mrs. Wardwell's predicament became known she was placed in an isolation ward in a hospital at Los Angeles and not even her husband was permitted to see her. Then General Wardwell resolved to act in his own way. He went to the hospital and succeeded in removing his wife from her place of isolation. His next move was to take her to a remote place in Mexico and he is there with her now. She will die from the malady and a like fate probably awaits her husband. He knows what to expect but his love for the woman causes him to sacrifice all in her behalf. He is a good Samaritan as well as a true lover.—Bradford Era.

### John O. Sonbergh Arrested.

Yesterday's Buffalo Courier contained the following dispatch:

Niagara Falls, Ont. 11.—John O. Sonbergh, who claims to have been a publisher of a newspaper in Bradford, Pa., was brought to this city to-day from Niagara Falls, Ont., to face the charge of defrauding a hotelkeeper. He is 58 years old and a Scandinavian.

Later in the day Chief Lyons received a telegram from the police of Bradford, Pa., stating that Sonbergh was wanted there. It is alleged that he secured money under false pretenses from a merchant in Bradford. Sonbergh claims to have been prominently connected with a Scandinavian paper in Bradford and the police say that he secured a certain merchant extensive advertising and was paid, but the advertisement never appeared, it is said.

### Three Women Charged With Murder.

Three women, charged with murder, first degree, were arraigned before Acting Justice Collins in the Buffalo Police Court yesterday. They were Mrs. Anna Frances Sutherland, self-confessed slayer of her husband, Alexander R. Sutherland, at their home, No. 1353 Niagara street; Mrs. Isabelle Sablem, who it is alleged strangled her three children at her home, No. 216 Grey street, and Martha Bronowska, the young Polish girl who is charged with killing her new-born baby by throwing it from one of the upper windows of the General hospital.

The three women, through their respective attorneys, pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder, first degree, waived examination and were held for the grand jury by acting Judge Collins.

Operation for piles will not be necessary if you use Man Zan Pile Remedy. Put up ready to use. Guaranteed. Price 50c. Try it. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

# Through The Fiery Furnace.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

Copyright, 1905, by Edgar Welton Cooley.

ON one end of the bench in front of Billingham's general store sat Abner Moon, widower, peaked face protruding in front of his thin gray locks, one leg across the other lank knee jackknife in his right hand, shingle in his left. On the other end of the bench squatted Bige Ellet, bachelor, fat legs straddled out, pudgy feet just touching the ground, black pipe in mouth.

"Some folks can do a thunderin' lot of thinkin' not to amount to much in this world, seems to me," said Abner.

"Meanin'?" said Bige.

"Meanin'," replied Abner, pooling a long, curling cut, the shingle, "some folks can roll around for an hour sayin' nothin' themselves and never say a word to show their sociability."

"Waal," drawled Bige, pilling vigorously, "I was thinkin' what an ill lived good thing it is that Solomon, the feller has so many bubbleheaded old wimmen straitin' around like peacocks in a peach orchard."

"Why?" asked Abner, squinting at Bige.

"'Cause down would be fuller of old maids and widders than the Sahara desert is of sand burrs."

Abner fell to whittling the shingle spitefully. "I reckon," he cussed, "that it just isn't right to fly in the face of Providence, and if the good Lord had ever intended Bige Ellet for a helper he'd 'a' made him a leetle more handsome and a leetle less lightfooted."

"Maybe I'm a hippercrypticus," said Bige calmly, "or a antigropelos or a pissyfactorum, but I know enough yearnin' for a purt helpmeet copies to instrel mercy."

"Big fudge!" cried Abner, leaping to his feet and whirling his shingle toward the door. "Don't you know don't ye do it?"

"Ain't good to jaw me, but if you don't let up on the way I'll step on ye, now I will, an' it's to you they didn't leave nothin' left to it but a pile."

"You're a conceited old blow pelt!" stormed Abner. "You're a leetle old lessen all! You know I couldn't Serena Simkins from you shit and you think you can cut me out, but ye can't do it."

For a moment he gyrated up and down in front of the amazed Bige, then darted up the street. Bige sat on the bench and watched him until he disappeared in the distance. Then he arose slowly and brushed his clothes with his bandanna handkerchief.

"Can't, eh?" he soliloquized, glancing in the direction whence Abner had fled. "Can't, eh? Reckon I'll just wander down that way and see."

Miss Simkins was out by the willow hedge gathering green dyash in an clothes basket when Abner came shuffling along the road. He was trembling with agitation and fatigue and sat down on the well curb to rest. But he hadn't been there ten minutes when he saw Bige Ellet, pulling like a freight train on a steep grade, steering for Miss Simkins' modest abode.

"Jumpin' Jerusha!" he cried, gazing frantically about for some avenue of escape.

Already the front gate was blocked by the bachelor's pompous forme. In the rear Miss Simkins was coming up the path. So with the agility of a squirrel he darted into the smokehouse, climbed a ladder and squirmed silently amid the gloomy rafters, from which dangled numerous smoked hams and pieces of side meat.

Straight to the open door came Bige, then paused and removed his hat as Miss Simkins approached.

"Why, how d'ye do?" he began, bowing effusively.

"Oh, Mr. Ellet," replied Miss Simkins, "I'm so glad you came. I need somebody to help me smoke that meat."

"Why, certainly, mum," said Bige, his retired face turning scarlet with pleasure.

He took the basket from her and dumped its contents upon a pile of leaves on the middle of the smokehouse floor, then struck a match and touched it to the leaves.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Abner from his elevated perch as a thin cloud of smoke began rising. "I wish a cyclone would come along. I wish the town would catch fire. I wish somethin' would happen to make 'em go away. I don't know what I am goin' to do."

"It is certainly very kind of you, Abijah," said Miss Simkins, blushing. "A lone woman has a hard time trying to get along." She sighed effectively.

"Most [illegible] a widower with six children," said Bige darkly.

It is the fact that Abner was nearly choked and was [illegible] his eyes desperately to keep from sneezing. The tears [illegible] his cheeks in torrents.

"Why, Mr. Ellet," began Miss Simkins, "what do you mean?"

"Heard that you were goin' to [illegible] Abner [illegible] voice. "Spit the [illegible] with a bang and [illegible] the door. [illegible] "I don't [illegible] Mr. Moon has been [illegible] and he [illegible] to have—

"Why, [illegible] has you [illegible] you will find [illegible] well known [illegible] nasty for ladies and children, will [illegible] in a short time. The [illegible] painted plainly on the [illegible] Contains no opiates. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, safe, sure pleasant, sure, little liver pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

have sand enough to declare their feelings."

Bige blushed scarlet and stammered. "Really, Miss—Miss Simkins," he said, "I—I—that is, I long have—have nourished a deep regard"—

But just then from somewhere within the dark recesses of the smokehouse came an unearthly noise.

"Kertychoo—oo—oo! Good Lord—kerchoo—o—o!"

"Mercy sakes!" cried Miss Simkins, gimlets at the closed door affrightedly. "What in the world was that?"

"I—I dunno, mum," gasped Bige. "Sounded like a cat."

"No, 'tain't no cat. There ain't no cat around the place."

"Kertychoo! Ky—choo—oo! O—O Lord!"

"It's a man, and he's in the smokehouse," cried Miss Simkins, trembling. "He's choking to death. Let him out—oh, please let him out, Mr. Ellet!"

"Hadn't ought to let him out," replied Bige. "Ought to keep him in there till he's cooked to a crisp. He's a thief, and he's after your meat, mum."

"Open this door!" coughed Abner. "I'm smoked up worse than a brier pipe. I'm blacker than the ace of spades. I've got to get out. You can laugh at me if you want to, you call laugh till you can't see straight, but I can't stay here no longer." He was wheezing like a blacksmith's bellows with a vent in it.

"Who be ye?" demanded Bige emphatically. "And what be ye doin' in there?"

"I'm Abner Moon. If ye must know," replied a weak voice, "and I'm under

"I FEEL LIKE A HALF CURED HAM."

goin' the pangs of slow torture. My lungs are fuller of smoke than a consumptive old chimney, and I feel like a half cured ham."

"Oh, sakes!" cried Miss Simkins. "Poor Mr. Moon! Poor Abner! Let him out this instant, Mr. Ellet."

Bige threw open the door, and Abner staggered into the light of day. He was covered from head to foot with soot and ashes.

"Well, well!" began Bige. "It is Abner Moon, but what a lookin' Moon! He's gone into total eclipse. He's never goin' to shine any more!"

"I'm burnt all over," moaned Abner. "I'm roasted on the outside and fricasseed on the inside. I'm charred."

"But what was you doin' in there?" demanded Bige. "However came you to be in there anyhow?"

Abner put his hands suddenly to his head. "I dunno," he said. "I was taken sick suddenly. I didn't know what I was doin' or where I was goin'. I was dizzy. I was dizzier than a yeller cur with a conniption fit, and I'm gittin' dizzy ag'in." He rolled his eyes dolefully, then looked at Miss Simkins. "I don't like to bother you, mum, but if I could lie down—I'm afraid I'm goin' to faint."

"Oh, dear, dear!" said Miss Simkins sympathetically, taking him gently by the arm and leading him toward the house. "Poor, poor Abner!"

Bige watched them a moment in silence. Then he winked one eye cunningly and chuckled to himself.

"Mebbe I'd better go and get the doctor, mum," he said. "'Pears to me he's a pretty sick man."

"Yes, do," replied Miss Simkins. "And hurry—oh, please hurry!"

Bige hurried. Fifteen minutes later he was coming down the street with Dr. Lavender. He was talking low and grinning. The doctor was nodding his head and grinning.

Abner was lying on the horsehair sofa. Miss Simkins was bathing his forehead with cold water and holding one of his hands in hers.

Dr. Lavender felt of his pulse and looked at his tongue. Then he shook his head solemnly.

"You're a goner, mum," he said. "It's the first attack of nervous excitement I ever saw. I do believe he's been got [illegible] at something or somebody [illegible] to control his temper. He's [illegible] with a rush of blood to the [illegible] that would kill him. If you [illegible] of his waistcoat—"

Miss Simkins hurried to the kitchen for a pan. Dr. Lavender took a plaster the size of a hickory nut and [illegible]

"Do you think you could sit up a minute, Mr. Moon?" he asked.

"I—I reckon," Abner replied weakly, "but I'll try."

He put one arm around Miss Simkins' neck and raised himself. The doctor dropped the hot down his back.

"Jumpin' Jerusha!" he screamed, falling back upon the sofa. "What d'ye do that for? Tryin' to give me spinal meningitis?"

"It's just as I feared," said Dr. Lavender. "He's gettin' worse."

"You're a conspirin' old Nero!" yelled Abner. "You've plotted with Bige Ellet to make a fool of me. But I ain't goin' to let ye do it. I'm goin' home this very minute."

"There, there, Abner!" said Miss Simkins solicitously. "Do try and calm yourself."

"I'll try, Serena," he replied weakly. "You see, mum," explained the doctor, "they always act that way when they have hysteria. They always think you are trying to torture 'em. If you'll kindly get some cloth, mum, and some mustard, we'll make some plasters. Let's see." Bige was hunting for something under his chair. His handkerchief was stuffed in his mouth, and he was blue in the face. "We'll need one plaster for his chest, another for his back and one for the sole of each foot."

"You're not goin' to put them foot things on me!" howled Abner, sitting up and glaring as if he was going stark mad. "I tell you, I ain't goin' to let ye make any bigger idjit of me than ye have already."

"Mebby we'd better chloroform him," suggested Bige. "Mebby we'll better strap him to a board."

"It's too bad to have to put these things on anybody," soliloquized Dr. Lavender dryly while he and Bige Ellet were adjusting the plaster. "Would not wonder but they'll disfigure him for life."

"And he ain't any too good lookin' as it is, goodness knows," added Bige sympathetically.

"Go 'way and taunt me," growled Abner in a muffled voice from the environment of his disarranged clothing.

"There," said the doctor finally, fastening the last band and rising to his feet. "Now we must keep him warm. He ought to have a couple of blankets and three or four bedquilts on top of him."

"Serena," observed Abner a few moments later, peering out from beneath a mountain of bedclothes like a rabbit peeking from under a straw stack, "I don't feel like I was very long for this world. I'm a half inch thick covered with mustard. I feel like a muddy 'Mudwich.'" He turned his face toward the wall and groaned.

"Oh, Abner," said Miss Simkins cheerfully, "do try and keep up, Abner!"

"Aint, Serena," he resumed weakly, "when they take them poultices off me I'll be the palest Moon anybody ever saw. I'll be so lurid that I won't dare to go home for fear of frightin' my children the scarlet fever."

"There, there," exhorted Miss Simkins cheerfully, "don't you go to worryin' about them children, Abner."

He turned and looked at her tenderly. "Serena," he said, "would you really like to look after 'em always? Would you care to marry"— He paused suddenly and rolled his eyes [illegible] in mortal agony. His breath came in gasps. His mouth was wide open.

"Fire! Fire!" he roared suddenly, trying desperately to push the covers off. "I'm ablaze from one end of me to the other. I'm a raging conflagration. In just three minutes there won't be nothin' left of me but a bed of coals. I'm sufferin' spontaneous combustion. I tell ye! Won't somebody please put me out?"

Miss Simkins wrung her hands in fright. "Oh, Dr. Lavender!" she cried. "Oh, Mr. Ellet! Do something for him, can't you?"

"Mebby I'd better throw a bucket of water on him," said Bige. "Mebby I'd better turn in a fire alarm."

"Consarn ye!" groaned Abner. "I will ye to take them things off me. They've drawed my wishbone and my adjunct column together already, and the soles of my feet are clinging to my kneecaps like a stone bruise to a boy's heel."

"Be there any blisters on ye?" asked Dr. Lavender.

"There's just one," snorted Abner, "but it's bigger than a barn door, and I'm right in the middle of it."

"Too bad," said the doctor solemnly. "When plasters take effect as quick as that it shows his nervous system is a total wreck." He opened his medicine case, took out a bottle, shook it, and held it between him and the light.

"I'm afraid, mum," he resumed sadly, "I'll have to give him a dose of this, after all. I hate to do it, but it's the only chance left us." He poured a little into a spoon. Abner was watching him with a florid but anxious face.

"It may cure him, mum," he resumed gravely. "If it does, he will be a well man in ten minutes, but if it doesn't, mum, it will kill him deader than a nit."

Abner clutched the bedclothes convulsively. He tried to speak, but he could only gurgle like cider pouring out of a jug, and a cold sweat broke out all over him.

"N-n-no," he gasped, throwing off the covers and sitting up on the edge of the sofa, "I won't take it! There is nothin' ailin' me but just plain foolishness. I came here to court Serena, and when I saw Bige Ellet comin' I hid in the smokehouse. But I'm goin' home now. I ain't goin' to ask Serena to marry me. I wouldn't ask any woman to marry a [illegible] like that. A couple of heartless heralds make a degraded dunce of him."

"But I want to marry you!" cried Miss Simkins, laughing and weeping by turns. "I don't care if you have been offered up as a burnt sacrifice. You've passed through the fiery furnace triumphant, and I'll marry you if you say the word, Abner."

She put one arm around his neck and rested her head affectionately upon his shoulder.

"Ugh!" groaned Abner, twisting his face into a horrible grimace. "I love ye, Serena, and I'll marry ye, but please don't pilter your head on that poultice, Serena."

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### The Singular Nobleman Who Wanted an American Heiress.

The American father of the heiress greeted the count who was a suitor for her hand with dignified frigidity.

"Sare," said the count, "your daughter has done me ze honnaire of consenting to be my wife. I am called to complete ze negotiations."

"All right," acerbly said the father. "How much of a cash settlement do you expect?"

"Nossing, sare."

"What! How much will I have to pay for your poker debts?"

"Nossing, sare. I do not gamble."

"How much will I have to pay to rebuild your castle?"

"Nossing, sare. It is in fine repair."

"But there must be some expense for me. Out with it!"

"No, sare! nossing. I simply love your daughter and she loves me, and we wish to be married. Is not zat enough? Is it not enough to ask you to give me your daughter wizzout your expecting to"—

"Come to my arms!" exclaimed the American father and tried to fall upon the neck of the delighted count.

But he awoke on the floor, having tumbled from his bed as a finish to his amazing dream.—Judge.

## TO ENTER "SOCIETY."

### You must Have Treasure, Temperament and Tact.

To enter paradise you had to be good and you had to be dead. To enter society you do not have to be either. On the contrary, though what you do have to be is harder to tell than it is to get there. But certain requisites may be mentioned. These are treasure, temperament and tact. Treasure, which is the basis of all accomplishments, speaks for itself. Temperament is more complex. Temperament is the art of doubting your own on the subject at nothing at all with experts who have devoted their lives to the subject. That is clearly abnormal. Tact, while less unnatural, is more plastic. Tact is the ability to fit your personality into harmony with those of others about you. As tact may be more virtuous and ready, yet if they lack the ability, whatever their efforts, they are nowhere. If they possess it, then, though they be nobodies, they have only to choose what they want to mind and get their generally speaking, that is, and provided they are not in a hurry. Taste is very questionable besides being unbecoming.—Edgar Saltus in Broadway Magazine.

### A Memory Test.

A professor of mnemonics had gone to lecture at or near Canterbury. After the lecture was published he had to wait for his London train. It was a most comfortless day, and he retired to an inn for shelter and refreshment. To pass the time he began to exhibit his feats of memory to the yokels in the inn parlor, and one and all were thunderstruck except the waiter. There is always one skeptic in every community, whether a saints or sinners. Do what he would he could not mitigate the acrid smirk of self thereafter. In the midst of one of his most difficult feats the whistle sounded of the only train to London by night and he rushed off to catch it. He caught it at the station, and his reputation caught it in the inn parlor, for the waiter coming in with some ordered refreshments and finding him gone pointed to the corner where he had been sitting and exclaimed, "Sly 'umbug, she's forgot 'is umbrella!"

### The Rich Turkish Beggar.

Beggars are never suppressed in Turkey. The story is told (and they say it is true) about an American lady who by mistake gave a beggar of Constantinople a gold piece. The man had left his post when she returned, but one of his colleagues told her where he "resided." It was a fine house, and at the door was a servant, who politely informed the lady that "my master is dressing. He will be down soon." And then the well groomed beggar, dressed for dinner, appeared and gladly returned the gold piece, exclaiming in the meanwhile that such mistakes were highly embarrassing.—Charities and Commons.

### Force of Storm Waves.

The average storm wave is thirty feet in height. The highest storm waves ever measured were between forty-four and forty-eight feet high. The gigantic force of storm waves is shown by the fact that at Ekerryvore lighthouse, off the west coast of Scotland, a mass of rock weighing five and a half tons was once hurled to a height of seventy-two feet above the sea level, while a mass weighing thirteen and a half tons was torn from a cliff seventy-four feet high.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Explained at Last.

"The late Dr. Marcus Dix," said a clergyman of New York, "had a droll way of lightening grave subjects with little humorous asides. Once I heard him [illegible] a [illegible] at a medical school. He began in this way:

"Physiologists tell us, gentlemen, that the older a man grows the smaller his brain becomes. This explains why the old man knows nothing and the young one everything."

### Good Advice.

Father (solemnly)—This thrashing is going to hurt me more than you, Napoleon. Napoleon (sympathetically)—Well, don't be too rough on yourself, dad. I ain't worth it.—Lord o' Scraps.

He who dishonestly cheats his friend would cheat his God.—Lavater.

Does your back ache? Do you have sharp pains in the side and the small of the back? This is due, usually, to kidney trouble. Take DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. They will promptly relieve weak back, backache, rheumatic pains and all Kidney and Bladder disorders. Sold and recommended by L. K. Hogarth.

## SHORT STORIES.

The amount of money in circulation per capita in the United States is a little over $35.

In the Wenatchee valley, in the state of Washington, orchard land is worth from $1,500 to $2,000 an acre. The orchards are irrigated, and the trees bear every year.

The light of day has not been shut on the original draft of the Declaration of Independence in five years, and there is no likelihood of its being placed on view until 1908.

In a baseball game between a boys' nine and a girls' nine at Northampton, Mass., recently the boys were obliged to play with their left hands and were arrayed in skirts. The girls won, 10 to 1.

A seed store in Cortlandt street, New York, has grass plots shipped daily from Jersey City. The plots consist of shallow boxes filled with earth in which the grass is grown. The plots are sold by the foot.

A saloon keeper at Beardstown, Ill., was forced out of business by the Prohibitionists and went to work digging for mussels in the river. The first shell he turned up contained a pearl for which he obtained $2,000.

## Gastronomy in Milan.

Milan beef is the best in Italy.

Bernoldo in his calendar says that in mediæval times there was more food than money given for church tithes.

Since old classic days Milan has been noted for the love its people have for good food. It is one of their chief conversational topics today.

The common people love sweets, so that they always have candy with them, and drivers leave their teams in the streets to go in and get an ice cream.

Public banquets in small numbers have grown in popularity. Patriotic family festivals, marriage feasts, etc., were celebrated in public and in private. Each child had its favorite eating place.

## Fly Catches.

First Baseman Jimmy Kane of the Pittsburg Nationals is said to be quite a skillful roper.

Nap Rucker thinks that he is the champion hard luck pitcher of the Brooklyn team.

Second Baseman Abbaticchio of the Pittsburg Nationals is hitting the ball much harder than he did last season.

Pitcher Peters of the Dallas team may get a trial with the New York Nationals next spring, as Owner Gardner wants Mcgraw to take the man.

Pitcher Campbell of Cincinnati is credited with exceptional ability for holding runners close to their base—a most important accomplishment for a pitcher.

## Home Notes.

To clean men's hats use turpentine, which will remove grease and freshen the felt.

An India rubber hot water bottle is easily cleaned. Wash it well with lukewarm water and soap, rubbing on the soap with a piece of flannel.

Always keep alum in the house. It checks bleeding wounds, and for bleeding of the mouth or tongue a wash in cold water in which alum has been dissolved is very effective.

To remove old paint wet the place with naphtha, repeating as often as necessary, but frequently one application will dissolve the paint. As soon as it is softened rub the surface clean.

## Flippant Flings.

The rack used to be an instrument of torture. In fact, the muscle rack continues to be.—New York Times.

From Missouri comes the story of a pig with an extra tail. Possibly it also has a few spare ribs.—Washington Post.

Mormons may take some pride in the fact that they are not bothered by the doctrine of affinities and soul mates.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

You would naturally think it would make considerable difference, but in hot weather the baldheaded man does not seem to be any cooler than anybody else.—Indianapolis News.

## Animal Life.

The song of the bird was originally a cry of alarm.

Robins and sparrows like almonds and dried currants.

The rabbit's range of vision takes in the entire horizon.

A mole eats as many as 20,000 earthworms in the course of a year.

The hare runs more easily up hill than down on account of its long hind legs.

At the zoological station in Naples Dr. Mangold found fishes only six centimeters in length, each of which had 144 "lantern points" for the purpose of producing light.

## Pith and Point.

It takes the shortest time for the worst things to happen.

Every man is fierce in his thoughts and mild in his actions.

There are so many fools in the world that you do not dare say much about them.

Pray for a tornado, and you will find while you were praying some other man went to work and cut it.

If you have ever noticed, it is always the boy who says he would like to be rich for the greatest good they could do.—Atchison Globe.


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The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.



*McKean County Miner*

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 13, 1903.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The stone for the foundation of the pavement is being taken from Brennan's hill.

—The residence of John A. Nelson in Mt. Jewett was destroyed by fire on Monday of last week. The damage is estimated at $1,200; insurance $1,000.

—The Rev. George F. Potter of DuBois will officiate at St. Luke's church on Sunday next, August 16th. Services at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. Services at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m.

—E. K. Kane has opened an office in the Thompson block, Mt. Jewett, which will be used as headquarters during his campaign for State Senator in this district. A vigorous campaign is proposed.

—Somebody has figured it out that during hard times people are in better health than when prosperity reigns. The simple life of adversity is the cause of the good showing in the vital statistics. But at that the majority of people prefer poor health to being poor financially.

—The A. A. & P. L. Mulkin lease of 80 acres in fee with 11 wells and gas plant, located in Scott Hollow, town of Bolivar, was sold on Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, to Raymond, Wirt & Lamphere of Ceres, N. Y. The production is about 200 barrels per month, and there is considerable tested territory to drill. A. A. Mulkin is located in Robinson, Ill., where he has engaged in the oil business and P. L. Mulkin will retain his position with the United Natural Gas Company at Bradford.

—If there is one way better that another to ruin a town it is for those who live in it to be apologizing for its existence. There are some who are always ready to say, by their actions at least, that the place don't amount to much in their estimation. They will tell you that the town is dead; that some other town is more respectable, more enterprising, has better people, better employments, is ahead of us in everything. This is all wrong. Every good citizen should take special pride in all that pertains to home. The town that says "We can" will always succeed. "Oh, I don't know, I don't think it will amount to much," is never of much force.


### Nursing Mothers and Over-burdened Women

In all stations of life, whose vigor and vitality may have been undermined and broken down by over-work, exacting social duties, the too-frequent bearing of children, or other causes, will find in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the most potent, invigorating restorative strength-giver ever devised for their special benefit. Nursing mothers will find it especially valuable in sustaining their strength and promoting an abundant nourishment for the child. Expectant mothers too will find it a priceless boon to prepare the system for baby's coming and rendering the ordeal comparatively painless. It can do no harm in any state or condition of the female system.

Delicate, nervous, weak women, who suffer from frequent headaches, backache, dragging-down distress low down in the abdomen, or from painful or irregular monthly periods, gnawing or distressed sensation in stomach, dizzy or faint spells, see imaginary specks or spots floating before eyes, have disagreeable, pelvic catarrhal drain, prolapsus, anteversion or retroversion or other displacements of womanly organs from weakness of parts will, whether they experience many or only a few of the above symptoms, find relief and a permanent cure by using faithfully and fairly persistently Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This world-famed specific for woman's weaknesses and peculiar ailments is a pure glyceric extract of the choicest native, medicinal roots without a drop of alcohol in its make-up. All its ingredients printed in plain English on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. Dr. Pierce thus invites the fullest investigation of his formula, knowing that it will be found to contain only the best agents known to the most advanced medical science of all the different schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments.

If you want to know more about the composition and professional endorsement of the Favorite Prescription, send postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his free booklet treating of same.

You can't afford to accept as a substitute for this remedy of known composition a secret nostrum of unknown composition. Don't do it.


### Preserving the Balance.

A well known professor of architecture, commonly referred to as "Hammy" by his pupils, told a story illustrative of the remarkable degree to which certain persons possess the sense of symmetry.

It seems that there was once a Scotch gardener who had charge of a good sized English estate and under whose direction the formal garden at the rear had been laid out with absolute symmetry, even the two summer houses, one on each side of the garden, being identical in even the most minute detail. On one occasion the English man became angry at his son and locked him up in the one of the summer houses. As soon as the Scotch gardener heard of this his sense of symmetry was so outraged that he immediately went for his own son and locked him up in the other summer house to preserve the balance. "Hamm," neglected to mention whether both boys were dressed exactly alike, but it is to be presumed that even this detail was attended to by the aesthetic Scotchman. —New York Times.

### Postage Stamp Gum.

Every time a person buys a United States postage stamp he gets a taste of sweet potato. The gum with which the stamps are backed is made from that succulent vegetable because Uncle Sam's chief chemist considers it the most harmless preparation of the sort. All of the gum used on American postage stamps is mixed by the government at the bureau of engraving and printing, where the stamps are made. It is spread on the sheets after the stamps have been printed. The gum, in a liquid form, is forced up through pipes from the basement, where it is made. These pipes lead to a series of machines consisting of rollers, between which the sheets of stamps are fed, one at a time. A continuous thin stream of the liquid gum falls upon one of these rollers. The sheet with its wet, cooling, sweet potato mucilage passes from the rollers into a long horizontal flue, filled with hot air. When it emerges at the other end of the flue the gum is dry.—New York Telegram.

### From the Antipodes.

A Londoner, visiting Australia, having taken a small farm, the couple set before the settled thing to do, as well as to get a little cash, was to sell the land of the friends down to see his new possessions.

Having viewed the domain and noted the absence of creature life about the homestead of his friends, he said:

"Where is your stock and implements, please? I would have some animals about a farm—cows, for instance, so as to have your own butter and cream."

"Now," shouted his host, "don't talk about butter or cream."

"Why, what do you mean? Don't you sell the best?"

"Never mind about that. You can't sell the best eggs."

"Never can't sell eggs! But I've sometimes thought I'd like a sheep. I rather like chimneys for breakfast."—Liverpool Mercury.

### The Palisades.

To see New York city from the Palisades is to witness the multiple beauty and wonder of the Palisades themselves. One of the most astonishing facts concerning these towering masses of grandeur is that they lie so close to the most artificial, man subjugated area that civilization has evolved, writes Philip Verrill Mighels in Harper's Magazine. To come upon the Palisades from the crest of Manhattan island is to step to the edge of the world, where the slender, dark, ribbed line leaps beyond as if it were only a purfled space, of countless lights looking like millions of suns stretched for miles below the sky. The illusion is complete, while the artist down up with the city to the base of the cliffs and lifts up the full throated roar of the substantial city.

### Approaching It Gradually.

An old farmer, on paying his rent, told his landlord he wanted some timber to build a house and would be much obliged to him if he would give permission to cut down wood for the purpose.

The landlord answered peremptorily: "No."

"Why, then, sir," said he, "will you give me enough to build a barn?"

"No."

"To make a gate, then?"

"Yes."

"That's all I wanted," said the farmer, "and more than I expected."—Pearson's Weekly.

### Complimentary to Him.

"Really," said Cholly Suppey, "I cawn't understand Miss Rood at all. She actually called me a cwank."

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Cutting. "How flattering!"

"Flattering?"

"Yes, a cwank, you know, is a man with one idea."—Catholic Standard and Times.

### Delays Are Dangerous.

"This milk is sour, and I won't take it," declared the lady.

"I had your own train, and now," retorted the dealer. "I offered it to you day before yesterday when it was fresh, and you wouldn't take it."—Cleveland Leader.

### A Happy Medium.

Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle—Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.—Delaware County Democrat.

### Habit of the Postman.

Why is it that the postman never stops at your house when you are expecting a check and always does when you are expecting a bill?—Columbus (O.) Journal.


Sick Headache and Biliousness relieved at once with Rings Little Liver Pills. A rosy complexion and clear eyes result from their use. Do not grip or sicken. Good for all the family. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.



For prospective teachers Edinboro Normal is one of the best training schools. Fall term opens Sept. 8, 1903. Catalogue free. John F. Bigler, Prin.


### A Dispenser of Smiles.

Her mother said: "Oh, dear! Isn't that awful? What will people think?" but the people themselves seemed to think it about the prettiest incident they had met that day.

She was a very little girl, white frocked, pink ribboned, brown curled. With her mother she left the subway train at the Grand Central station. The usual confusion prevailed. Timid travelers grabbed suit cases and bundles and exclaimed, "Oh, do we change cars?" Trainmen on the platform shouted out directions for local and express trains and the guards of the rear car admired the passenger frequently and vehemently to "Step lively" and to "Watch the step." That all of a sudden there was a lull in the uproar. The little girl was leaving the car. She stopped at the door, took off her hat and waved her hand:

"Goodby, everybody," she said.

The words carried to the far end of the car. They made every one sit up. Two or three persons called out a response "Goodby," two or three said "Bless the child," and all smiled.—New York Press.

### The Sea Serpent.

When fourteen miles off the coast of Brazil M. J. Nicoll, author of "Three Voyages of a Naturalist," observed a sea serpent which came within about fifty yards of the ship. "All that we could see was a dorsal fin about ten feet long sticking up about two feet from the water. The fin was a brownish black color and much resembled a gigantic piece of ribbon sea-weed. Below the water we could indirectly see a very large brownish black patch, following not under all the shape of the dorsal fin. Every now and then the fin disappeared below the water. Suddenly an eel-like neck, about six feet long and of the thickness of a man's thigh, having a head shaped like that of a turtle, appeared in front of the fin, lashing up the water with a curious writhing movement. This creature was an example, I publish, of what has been so often reported for years of a being named as the great sea serpent. I feel sure, however, that I

### Beyond His Own Work.

To enlist people in a line of one's own work and to make them enthusiastic about it is not always easy. Perhaps no author, not Walter Scott himself, ever succeeded entirely in this endeavor, but Dickens came very near to it.

It is said that the writer was collecting materials for a description of the Queen's Bench prison and was questioning the warden on the subject one day. Instead of answering Dickens plied the author with questions in return, and finally invited him to visit the prison. When the English novelist was leaving, he was presented with quite a gift for the time—a brief description of the prison, written by the warden himself. The article was nothing more or less than a facsimile reproduction of an article of his own published the year before in an English journal. And he had paid twice as much for the translation as he had received for the original article.—Washington Star.

### A Dream Superstition.

I heard what was to me at least a new piece of superstition the other day and when I think of the rest I've run all these years because I didn't know of it my blood runs cold. I met a woman from Virginia in market, and the talk falling on dreams I remarked that most usual rambling nightmare I had had the night before.

"I never tell you what I dreamed last night," I said.

"Don't speak of it whether it's a pleasant or an unpleasant dream!" said the lady from Virginia.

"Decidedly unpleasant."

"Then for mercy's sake don't tell it!" said she. "Never tell a bad dream on Saturday, for we say in Virginia:

"Friday night's dream on Saturday told
Is sure to come true, be it never so old."

—Washington Post.

### Australian Cadets.

All children in Australia are drilled but the older boys are attached to the Australian military forces by means of the cadet corps. Almost every big school has its band of cadets, who wear neat khaki uniforms and are armed with light rifles, in the use of which they are frequently instructed. Every year those boys have shooting matches, and the scores prove that among the youngsters there are many who have already become crack marksmen.—London Standard.

### Giving Them Credit.

"You know," said the disingenuous oriental who manifests much curiosity, "that the Chinese discovered the art of printing from type thousands of years ago?"

"Yes," replied the man who was being interviewed. "And incidentally, I don't doubt that they were the original inventors of the interrogation point."—Washington Star.

### Handicapped.

Judge—Remember, witness, you are sworn to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Witness—Judge, I am trying my dumdest to do it, but that pie faced slob of a lawyer there won't let me.—Chicago Tribune.

### Half the Battle.

"If I were you," said the old bachelor to the benedict, "I'd rather rule o Know why."

"Well," was the reply, "as I already know why, I suppose that's half th battle!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way.—Carlyle.


Pineules for Backache, little golden globules, easy and pleasant to take. Act directly on the kidneys purify the blood and invigorate the entire system. Best for backache, lame back, kidneys and bladder. 30 days' trial $100. Guaranteed. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.


Subscribe for the MINER.

### Grange News.

FARMERS VALLEY.

(Written by Mrs. M. A. Caldwell.)

The Grange is one of the best examples to live by if our obligations are lived up to, next to the Divine example upon which it is built. Let us beware of covetousness, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. But are we sowing the seeds of love and mercy that shall make existence sweet.

"Do not look for wrong and evil. You will find them if you do. As you measure to your neighbor he will measure back to you." "He that overcometh will I make to sit down in My Father's Kingdom." If there had been nothing to overcome the command would not have been given by the Divine Master. Hence the work, and it is a blessed work. But how?

The command comes overcome evil with good. Then there must be evil also, and so it will ever be. Life is a warfare, against principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, so says the word. No organization is any better than the people that compose it. Hence the necessity of being a good and generous people, forgiving and being forgiven.

If we sow to the spirit we shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. To live happily here is worthy our earnest endeavor, which is made possible only by that unity of spirit which comes from a soul made pure by the regenerating influences of divine love.

### General News.

—Mr. and Mrs. Task of New Jersey are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Beckwith.

—Invitation cards have been received by relatives of the Cory family to attend the reunion of the Interstate Cory Reunion Association at Mornado Park, Beaver Falls, Pa., Wednesday, Aug. 26.

—We have received notice that the Rees Reunion Association will meet Aug. 26, at Reesville.

—Dell Smith returned Saturday from Cuba, N. Y., where she has been engaged in cutting roller bolts, where they expect later to move the mill.

—Mrs. Almeda Eisle, who has been spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. L. A. Patterson, departed last Thursday for Clermont to visit her son William.

—Rev. Smith will preach his farewell sermon at this place Aug. 23.

—The Grange Annual picnic convenes at Coryville Aug. 19th.

—The Pomona Granges at Farmers Valley about Sept. 4, Grant's. A class will be instructed in the 5th degree.

—Mrs. John Smith and son, Clarence, are visiting friends and relatives here.

### Earthquakes as Warnings.

The belief that earthquakes are signs or warnings dates its origin in part to prophecies in the Bible, where, for example, we read that "there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes" as portending future calamities. Earthquakes have led to the abolition of oppressive taxation, the abolition of masquerades, the closing of theaters and even to the alteration of fashion. A New England paper of 1727 tells us that "a considerable town in this province has been so far awakened by the awful providence in the late earthquake that the women have generally laid aside their hooped petticoats."—Nature.

### Rule of Three.

"Well," said a perspiring governess, "if will put it in simple form. If it takes one servant nine hours to do the entire housework of a family how long will it take three servants to do it?"

Tommy—Oh, I know, teacher. I heard mamma speak of it only this morning.

Governess—Well, how long will it take them?

Tommy—Three times as long.—London Tatler.


## PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

## Grange National Bank

of McKean County.



## New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.



G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.



## It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.



Brasted's ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER.



## JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 19, 1909.


## Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Semmenahoning

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CROATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN D. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK E. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY E. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

MR. BRYAN was notified yesterday that he was the Democratic nominee for President. He suffered no ill effects from the shock.

THE explosion of a boiler in a rolling mill at York, Pa., on Monday caused the death of eight people and twenty others were injured. The damage to property amounted to many thousands of dollars.

FIVE men are dead, five more fatally injured and a score were seriously injured in a head-on collision on a trolley line between Sidney and Piqua, Ohio, on Monday. Not one of the injured escaped without a broken bone, while many of those who are not fatally injured will be maimed for life, so terrible are their hurts.

MASSACHUSETTS has a new primary law similar to that in force in Pennsylvania. It is an amplification of the "Crawford county system" and permits the different parties to make their nominations by popular vote on a day fixed. There are some features of the law that should be remedied in this State, but the principle underlying the measure is correct. In the course of time the "Crawford county system" will be in force throughout the entire nation.

A NUMBER of "Holy Rollers" have been arrested in New York for conducting a disorderly house. Some of the "services" they go through with, according to the dispatches, would not be tolerated even in the tenderloin of that city. The members of this strange religious sect are very indignant, however, claiming that the law has no right to interfere with their religious services even when they include a ward dance, with dancers clothed principally in the garb of nature.

"IN making political predictions I like to be classed as a conservative," said Representative Richard Bartholdt of Missouri, "and in that frame of mind I confidently assert that the Republican National and State tickets will secure satisfactory majorities in Missouri this fall. I have gone over the situation as carefully as it can be studied at this early stage of the campaign and cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, find a good ground for the Democratic predictions which place Missouri in the Bryan column. Indeed, at the outset of the campaign the chances all seem to me to favor the Republicans. Our party is absolutely united on every question and for every office. There is a strong wave of Taft enthusiasm and a feeling that the splendid administration of Theodore Roosevelt should be rewarded by the election of his choice [illegible] of a man who has pledged himself to carry out the President's policies. Bryan, on the other hand, has lost much of the strength he had in 1900. He has been a loser two times, and those Democrats who voted for Roosevelt in 1904 will also vote for Taft. A great majority of first voters in our state will vote the Republican ticket, for they see nothing attractive in supporting Bryan. One of the greatest assets to the ticket is the nomination of Herbert Hadley for Governor without opposition. He has an exceptional record as Attorney General and would undoubtedly have been elected even if this fight in the Democratic ranks had not come up. Whether Ball or Cowherd is declared nominated makes little difference now; the friends of one will knife the other, and the longer this fight is continued the more votes it makes for the Republicans."

THE Harrisburg Telegraph says: State Treasurer John O. Sheats has broken all records for the payment of the State school appropriation, the total disbursements for this object alone in the 60 days between June 1 and August 1, aggregating the magnificent total of $4,-099,141.78, or $1,070,723 more than paid in the same period last year. According to the statement of business at the Treasury for the month just closed, the receipts of the Treasury were $8,152,-541.45 and the payments $4,955,819.00, over half of which went for school purposes. The general balance in the Treasury at the close of July business was $11,943,700.04, of which $9,426,525.35 was in the general fund and $2,517,270.69 was in the sinking fund. Of the balances $523,000 is held by the Allegheny National Bank, which closed. The payment of school money is considered to be notable on Capitol Hill, as it goes far beyond any record ever made in the preceding administration. In addition there was drawn warrants for over $500,000 more by the Department of Public Instruction which did not reach the Treasury in July. Mr. Sheats stood ready to cash them. In all, 1,811 of the 2,550 districts were paid.

### Derrick Drops in Well.

A dispatch from Houston, Tex., dated August 8, says: The most remarkable blow out in the history of the Texas oil fields occurred at Hardy today. The drill of a well had reached the depth of 1,150 feet, when gas came with such force as to tear up the ground and leave a hole into which dropped beyond sight, the derrick, rig and engine. Hot water, oil and mud continue to be blown into the air.

John W. Love of Pittsburg is here enroute to Mexico, to develop 12,000 acres of oil land near the immense burning well in which Steel City capitalist Emery, Jr., and other Pennsylvanians are interested.

An eye-witness of the great Mexican oil fire who arrived here today declares that over 2,000,000 barrels of oil already have been destroyed by the flames.

### Death of Margaret Gilligan.

Mrs. Margdret Gilligan, wife of Dennis Gilligan of Olean, N. Y., who had been a patient at the Bon Air sanitarium, Bells Cause, died at that place Saturday evening at eight o'clock. The body was taken to Olean Sunday morning, and the funeral was held at the Episcopal church at three o'clock Monday afternoon. Mrs. Gilligan had been a sufferer from tuberculosis for the past year. She leaves to mourn her taking away, a husband and one daughter, Catherine. Mrs. Gilligan, nee Margaret Johnson, was well known in this place where she was highly esteemed by all that were fortunate enough to have met her. To the bereaved family the MINER extends it sincere sympathy.

Hundreds of people who suffer from backache, rheumatism, lame back, lumbago and similar ailments are not aware that these are merely symptoms of kidney trouble, and to be relieved they must correct the cause. Pineules for the Kidney, pleasant and easy to take, are readily absorbed by the stomach and bloodvast directly on the kidneys, bringing quick relief to backache and other symptoms of kidney and bladder derangements. A dose of Pineules at bed time brings relief. 30 days' trial $1.00 and guaranteed or money back. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

One application of Man Zan Pile Remedy, for all forms of piles relieves pain, soothes, reduces inflammation, soreness and itching. Price 50c. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

There are many imitations of DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve but just one original. Nothing else just as good. Insist on DeWitt's. It is cleansing, cooling and soothing. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice. Quick relief for bites and sting of insects, chapped skin, cuts, burns and sores, tan and sunburn. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

### For Sale.

At market prices—ducks and chickens dressed and delivered by H. E. Spring, Hill St. next to grist mill.

### For Sale.

A quantity of sidewalk lumber. For particulars inquire of

JAMES QUIRK.

I will pick up all of your empty barrels every Monday and pay cash. Save them for me.

I want to clear out what Hemlock and Hardwood Lumber I have and will sell cheap for cash. Have all sizes. I have some nice fence post for sale.

C. H. GLEASON.

### Longest Will on Record.

What is called the longest will on record is that of Captain Robert Keayne, founder of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston.

It contains about 50,000 words. Printed and bound, it would make a good sized volume, comparing favorably in length with many a novel of the present day.

In its voluminous proportions this will is in striking contrast to one probated in New Orleans a number of years ago, in which the testator disposed of its earthly possessions in five words—namely, "Mistress Roper is my heiress."

The original of Captain Keayne's will is carefully preserved in the vaults of the register of probate of Suffolk county. In volume 1 of the record of wills probated it covers 140 pages, and it is recited in the will that the document was drawn up in the handwriting of the testator.

While Captain Keayne, who was originally a merchant tailor in London, left a fortune of fair proportions for his day, it is of interest to note that at the present day fortunes of millions of dollars are frequently disposed of in complicated trusts by only a few hundred words.—Boston Post.

### Chivalry and Fatness.

Have you never noticed that great personal bulk and chivalry go almost always together? Well, they do, and I am reminded of a circumstance that happened long years ago. There was in congress from the state of Alabama a gentleman named Dixon Lewis. He was notorious for his stoutness as well as for his courtliness and abilities. This gentleman was a Virginian by birth, but removed early to Alabama, which state he represented during several terms of congress and was in the senate at the time of his death in 1848. Biographers relate of him that one time after the adjournment of congress he was on his way home in a steamer that was wrecked and while he had an opportunity to do so refused to take a seat in a small boat because his great weight would jeopardize the lives of others in the boat, and, although for a time he was in great danger, he was at last rescued. There was a noticeable combination of chivalry and fatness.—Washington Post.

### Feminine Amenities.

"What did you think of the wedding? Was I nervous?"

"Well, a little at first, dear, but not after Reggie had said 'I will.'"—Harper's Weekly.

Besides its excellent reputation in advancing students along strictly normal lines, the Lock Haven State Normal School is unsurpassed for its splendid advantages. Its large student body is handled as if it were a family and the welfare of each one is considered. It has a fine location and is well equipped. Address the President for an illustrated catalogue.

### Spring Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

### Excelsior Swing Stanchion.

Warranted the best, 30 days trial satisfactory when open, noiseless, simple, sanitary, durable; in use on all farms of D. C. Young, The Wilson Stanchion Co., Inc., Cuba, N. Y.

### For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm implements. Three second-hand work horses, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Steele-Ist.

## Truck Garden on Trolley Line For Only $1,600

We offer for sale the Edward Miller house and 2½ acres of land, located at Weston Mills, N. Y., 3½ miles from Olean, 2½ miles from Portville. Five cent fare to Olean. Ten room house, two medium sized barns, chicken coop, well at house and barn and 12 apple trees. Land is very productive, level and mellow. Fifty rods from church, 20 rods from school house, 60 rods from postoffice. Buildings are in good repair. House insured for $1,200. For a quick sale we offer this desirable property for $1600. Don't wait if it looks good to you. Write, or if in a hurry, telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.

## Notice to Merchants.

We are manufacturers of Canvas and Canton Flannel Gloves of all weights. Plain band top; knit wrist; gauntlet or Cadet, &c. When in need write us, telling what you want and we will either call on you or send you samples with prices that we know will please you. Our Gloves are good and large when so ordered. We sell at Wholesale only. Kindly remember us when in need and patronize Home Industry.

Barbour & Barbour,
NEWFANE, [illegible], PA.


## Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

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|---|---|
| Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, | $293,000.00 |
| Resources about | $900,000.00 |

### This Bank

Conducts a General Banking business.
Pays interest on time deposits.
Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.
Issues drafts payable at all parts of the world.
Solicits your business; no account too small, no transaction too large.

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## PICKLES

This week we offer Sweet, Sour and Mixed Pickles, at inducing prices.

All kinds of Fruit and Green Goods.

Fine Graulated Salt $1.25 a barrel.

Diamond F. Salt $1.50 a barrel.

## Oscar Engstrom.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

## White Diamond Flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Man Zan Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal

## H. W. RUBIN

Hot Weather

is here, and our BARGAINS in Clothing have also arrived. All Summer SUITS for men and boys will go at prices that will make you sit up and take notice. Come and see.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

## Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the Marlin Model 16 Repeating Shotgun, the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the Marlin Model 16 without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous Marlin Model 19, with the Marlin solid top, and the Marlin closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the Marlin side ejection and the beautiful Marlin balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. Have your dealer show it.

There's a full description of all Marlin repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all sportsmen in the "Marlin Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. Write it TO-DAY for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.
32 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

## ANDORFER & LYLE

Groceries.

Headquarters for FRUITS & GREEN GOODS in Season.

Just Received shipment of NEW CELERY.

Our Prices are Right
Consistent with Quality of Goods

ANDORFER & LYLE

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

## H. C. WELLS.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S
Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for — We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

## WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

## BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.


### Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of John Shearer, deceased.

Letters of Administration having been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the said John Shearer, late of Hamilton Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Joseph Shearer, residing at Warren in the County of Warren and State aforesaid, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay, to

JOSEPH SHEARER, Administrator
Warren, Pa., R. F. D. No. 4.


Sane's
57 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 493


### Administrator's Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned was on the 6th day of July, 1909, granted letters of administration of the estate of Patrick Bacon, deceased, late of the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania. All persons having claims or demands against said estate will make same known to me without delay, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make prompt payment.

DANIEL BACON, Administrator.
DuBois, Pa., July 12th, 1909.

# The Lindholm Co.

## Our August Clean-Up And Remnant Sale.

The Clean-Up Sale is your opportunity to obtain all the usefuls and needfuls you'll need for the next two months at prices that will average half below regular and what others cost.

Some great values are here, not only in one line but in nearly every line in this store.

The short prices, broken lots will go at Clean-Up prices. Hundreds of remnants will be placed on our counters to choose from. We trust to number every lady who reads this among the ones benefitted by this Clean-Up. It will pay you well.

SALE STARTS AUG. 15

—AND—

CONTINUES TO AUG. 31

## The Lindholm Company.



# DALY & GARLICK.

## The Economy Refrigerators

are the best for the money. Ice lives longer and food keeps fresher in them than in any other line for the same money.

| | |
|---|---|
| Small family size | $ 9.00 |
| Medium family size | 11.00 |
| Large family size | 13.50 |

## Daly & Garlick.



McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 13, 1908.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Bradford Races are on this week.

—Dance at the Lyceum Saturday night.

—A party of fifteen held a delightful picnic near the Devil's Den the first of the week.

—Al Provin of East Smethport is improving his property by putting in a cement walk.

Mrs. J. Scott Walker held a reception last Saturday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Fry.

—Monday, Sept. 7, is Labor Day and Bradford will celebrate the occasion with an elaborate program.

—The Backus Novelty Co. closed its shop Saturday so as to give their employes a two weeks' vacation.

—The Red Men's celebration at Olean and the Bradford races have nearly depopulated our town this week.

—The 13th annual convention of the Seven County Fireman's Association will be held at Wellsboro, August 12 and 13.

—John Hazen, who is employed by E. W. Jones as teamster, had the misfortune to be severely kicked by a horse Saturday.

—The Local Option League of Potter county gave Mr. Kane their unanimous endorsement at their recent convention in Ulysses.

—Miss Esther Erhart is entertaining a house party this week at her home in Colegrove in honor of Miss Olive Wells of Harrisburg.

—The Bethany German Lutheran church at Buffalo was struck by lightning yesterday and damaged to the extent of $2,000.

—State Game Warden Conklin recently landed three violators of the fish laws in Potter county, and their total fines amounted to $130.

—Four new candidates were initiated in the Red Men's lodge Monday. This order is in a most prosperous condition and is rapidly growing in numbers.

—The McKean Field Day and Grange Picnic will be held at Coryville, on Wednesday, August 19. An excellent program has been arranged. E. B. Dorsett, state lecturer will speak. Another feature will be a ball game between Coryville and Rixford. Chadwick's orch[illegible]

—Misses King, Palmer, Terwilliger and Schoontmakers and Messrs. Acre, Fay, Kunz and Oelkrug picnicked on King's hill Sunday.

—The 13-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Milford Gallup of Kane that was so fatally scalded at their home Wednesday evening, died from the effects, Thursday.

—At a meeting of the Smethport Hose Company Thursday evening it was decided to hold an outing in the near future and a committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.

—The Saturday night dances at the Lyceum continue to be largely patronized. Chadwick's orchestra furnishes excellent music and the admission is only fifty cents. Be sure and attend.

—The Leader Printing Co's. stock room at Kane was found to be on fire Monday but was soon extinguished by the prompt arrival of the firemen. The stock was nearly all ruined by water.

—The Wellsville fair and races will be held on August 18, 19, 20 and 21, and will be a great event. In the four days there will be seventeen races and they all promise to be good ones. The exhibits and midway will be unusually large and attractive.

—Persons who subscribed money toward a fund to build a sidewalk between the Pennsylvania Railroad depot and the Potato creek bridge are requested to leave their contributions with Frank Thornton so that the work may be started as soon as possible.

—On Tuesday W. S. Acre brought the writer two turkey eggs which were the fifth and sixth eggs laid by one of his hen turkeys in that many successive days. It is extremely unusual for a turkey to lay anything like this number of eggs without wanting to set.

—C. W. Freeman lost a valuable Jersey cow this week. The cow could not be found Tuesday night when they went to the pasture for the animal. She did not show up Wednesday morning so a search was made. The animal was found dead on the hill south of the Brennan farm. She had got tangled up in a barbed wire fence and was cut up so badly that she died from the effects of her injuries.

—A dispatch from Condersport says: Martin Sparrow and Charles Dike, two Condersport young men, have been working on a model for a flying machine, and it may be that the successful manner of navigating the air has been solved by these two gentlemen. They recently perfected a miniature machine which gives promise of being a success and they believe that a large car will do the service expected of it. They intend to continue in their effort to construct a [illegible]

—Two alleged highway robbers were lodged in jail last Thursday to await trial. They were arrested in Port Allegany on Wednesday, after a lively chase by the police and constables of the borough and township, on a charge of robbing Daniel Rogers of $17. They gave their names as P. J. Kennedy and J. P. Lannigan. The latter claimed to be a member of the Masonic fraternity at Everitt, Pa., but his statement proved to be untrue.

—The resignation of Claude W. Shattuck, Esq., as Burgess of Eldred Borough was presented to and accepted by the Council at their meeting Wednesday night. Mr. Shattuck was filling the term of Tim Mullin, made vacant by the latter's removal from town, and his term would have expired next spring. W. F. Burr was recommended by the Council for appointment to fill the vacancy which recommendation will be acted upon by Judge of the County Court.—Eldred Eagle.

—Edwin Ross Thomas, builder of the formidable Thomas automobiles, is entitled to a world of credit for this wonderful showing the Thomas car, the only American entrant, made in the New York-to-Paris endurance contest. By winning this long and nerve-destroying grind, the Thomas machine achieved one of the highest honors in the automobile world. And Buffalo, too, comes in for a good share of the honor, because the Thomas machine is built in this city, and Mr. Thomas is one of Buffalo's prominent citizens, says the Buffalo Commercial. Hurrah for Buffalo!

—A dispatch from Washington, Pa., dated Aug. 12, says: The fad for camping out in summer instead of going to the seashore has received a black eye here so far as young women of the town are concerned. The Elite Camping Club, composed of 20 well-known young society women of Washington, and their chaperones, has been shamefully, indecently robbed. Their camp, a Dew Drop Inn, a few miles east of the town, was entered by some miscreants last night and every stitch of wearing apparel owned by the sleeping beauties, save the nighties they had on was stolen. When the Adamless Eden awoke next morning there was not even a garter left.

—The executive committee of the Convention of Northwestern Firemen's Association held here two years ago has turned over the balance left in its hands to the Smethport Hose Co. in the following manner: To the treasurer of the Smethport Firemen's Relief Association, $100; to the treasurer of the Smethport Hose Co. $305.18 with the provision agreed to by the Hose Co. that the amount should be placed in a seperate special fund which shall be used at the discretion of the Company for the purchase of uniforms for the members to an amount not to exceed the sum of $60, and the remainder for the purchase of fire apparatus for the Company and for the relief of worthy distressed members of the Company.

### Personal Mention.

Sheridan Gorton was in Bradford on business Monday.

Harry S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King were Eldred visitors Wednesday.

Chas. Sheldon of Ormsby was in town Saturday on business.

Mrs. M. A. Backus is in West Line this week on business.

W. T. Seger of New York is the guest of relatives in this place.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris returned to-day from Medina, N. Y.

Harold McCarty and Earl Chase spent the week end at Instanter.

Mrs. F. Q. Pierce left Monday for a visit with friends at Buffalo.

Elmer Quirk is visiting relatives and friends at Wilcox and Rasselas.

Miss Hazel Hopper of Hornell is the guest of Miss Ellanore Colegrove.

Mrs. B. D. Colegrove is visiting relatives and friend at Burlington Flats, N. Y.

Miss Jessie Ray of Colegrove was calling on friends in town the first of the week.

Mrs. M. B. Greer returned home Saturday evening from an extended stay in Hornell.

Mrs. Ray of Colegrove was the guest of her daughter, Miss Hattie, during the week.

Miss Katherine Morey entertained Miss Emma Lederer of Coudersport Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett attended the Masonic picnic Wednesday.

Landlord McCreary of the Cottage House is in attendance at the Bradford races to-day.

Joe Royce and Henry MaHaffay of Port Allegany were calling on friends in this place Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backus of Olean passed Sunday in town the guest of relatives and friends.

Miss Agnes Ryan of Kane has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. C. Gleason for a few days.

B. F. Wright returned home Tuesday from a visit with his daughters at St. Marys and Ridgway.

Mrs. Geo. Gerrett and daughter, Belva, are spending two weeks with friends at Binghamton, N. Y.

Miss Fannie Steinhauer of Farmers Valley was a guest of friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Sarah Blake and Mrs. Emil John departed for their home in Eldred Monday after passing ten days with relatives in town.

Roy Stark returned to Bradford Monday after having passed a few days with his parents in this place.

Misses Katherine Larkins and Mable Sloan of Bradford were guests of Mae O'Brian the first of the week.

Miss Helen Daniels and Miss Gertrude Larned of Syracuse are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Scott F. Redfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fitch and son, Paul, and Miss Golda Schoonmaker are attending the convention at Olean.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Tash of Pleasantville, N. J., are visiting W. P. Beckwith and family at Farmers Valley.

Mrs. Ada Marshall and Master Herbert Smith are visiting the former's parents, who live near Eldred, this week.

Mrs. J. H. Decker of Youngstown, Ohio, who has been the guest of Mrs. F. B. Mayo, left for her home Saturday.

Miss Mary Cole of the Erie Co. Hospital, Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Cole of Farmers Valley.

Mrs. J. C. Boham and daughter, Louise, returned to their home in Franklin, Pa., after a week's visit at the home of E. R. Mayo.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Koenig and son, John, of Eldred passed Sunday at the home of the former's mother, Mrs. Margaret Koenig.

Mrs. Chas. Bosworth and daughter, Charlotte, of New York are the guests of Mrs. Bosworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Robert Henderson of Indiana, Pa., departed Sunday for their home after a short visit with relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Mike Dunn of Hattiesburg, Miss. is staying at the home of Mrs. H. O. Gallup. Mrs. Dunn expects to remain here for two or three months.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Gallup and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. McAllister, Clag. Anderson, daughter, Edna, and Miss Cora Erhart of Colegrove attended the picnic yesterday.

Hon. A. G. Olmsted and wife, D. A. McClure and wife, W. Stevens and Roy Norcross of Coudersport were Smethport visitors on Saturday, making the trip in the former's automobile.

Robert Cole who has been visiting at the home of Mr. D. D. Cole at Farmers Valley, has returned to the home at Sundrys Lane, Pa. accompanied by his cousins, Wesley and Miss Ella Cole.

Mrs. Tom F. Williams of Butler, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. E. M. Cheesman for several days, returned to her home on Thursday last. Mrs. Cheesman accompanied her as far as Mt. Jewett.

W. J. Johnson returned Saturday night from Buffalo, where he had been undergoing treatment at a hospital. Mr. Johnson is looking much better than when he left and is satisfied that he received much benefit from the treatment.

Maude and Robert Thomas the two fresh air children who have been entertained by Mrs. Geo. Howe for the past two weeks, departed Wednesday for Bradford. They there joined the one hundred and fifty children who have been entertained in Bradford and started for New York city on the evening train. Dr. A. Grant White and Mrs. A. D. Sloan of Bradford, who have charge of this work, are very desirous of placing many more children in Smethport homes next summer.

### Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 8, 1908:

Miss Mable Fiferr, William Johnson.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Lock Haven State Normal School has large dormitories, its rooms will all be taken for the Fall term, beginning Sept. 7th. This is an indication of the esteem in which this splendid school is held by the young people of this state. It has a first class equipment, a fine faculty and an ideal location. Expenses are moderate. Address the Principal for illustrated catalogue.

### Two $900 Positions.

Bert Hunt and Edward Heberle, graduates of Westcrook Academy, Olean have just secured $900 positions at Washington, D. C.


Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

# FRY & COMES

## Want Your Dollars Stretched?

This store will do it for you—double their purchasing power on lots of things—make them reach half again as far on others.

We're clearing out the odd lots of all sorts making ready for full business—that's the reason for the Great Price Reductions.

Look over this list of Bargains then come to the store and get your share.

| | |
|---|---|
| White Waists—values $1.00 to 3.00, good assortment | at 50c. |
| Parasols—values $1.00 to 6.50, white and colors | at Half Price |
| Ladies' Vests—2 lots, Black and White, value 25c | at 18c. |
| Ladies' Vests—1 lot, Black only, value 50c | at 25c. |
| Corsets—1 lot, assorted styles, value $1.00 to 1.50 | at 50c. |
| Wrist Bags—1 lot, assorted styles, value $1.00 | at 75c |
| Cluett Shirts—1 lot, Soft Collars and Cuffs, value $2.00 | at $1.50 |
| Cluett Shirts—1 lot, Soft Collars and Cuffs, value $1.50 | at $1.13 |
| B. V. D. Drawers—value 50c | at 25c |
| Boys' Shirts—Soft Collars and Cuffs | at 25c |

# FRY & COMES



# WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber of any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark, "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

## HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



# THE CASH GROCERY

I have everything in the Grocery Line that you need, and my prices are right. Give me a trial and be convinced.

I have just received a supply of nice Olives. We also handle Olives in the bulk, which are just the thing to take when you go for an outing.

Now is the time that moths are working on your winter clothes. If you find this so try Hygeno. It is also good to keep away ants, and the best thing in market to keep flies off cattle. In fact, Hygeno can't be beat for a disinfectant and to keep away vermin.

## G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.



# Wm. MONHEIMER'S

## This Morning

we put on Sale our entire stock of Men's Suits—Blue Serges, Black Thibets and fancy Worsteds—at exactly

## Half Price.

No reason in the world why a single one of them should sell for a cent less than its real worth, but we know the advantage of starting a new season with a clean slate—and these prices will do it!

Suits that were:

$20, $18, $15, $12, $10

Sell now:

$10, $9, $7.50, $6, $5

WM. MONHEIMER.



# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

## $10.60 from Smethport

—TO—

# Atlantic City,

## CAPE MAY,

WILDWOOD, SEA ISLE CITY, or OCEAN CITY,

NEW JERSEY.

AUGUST 14, 26, 1908

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 4:03 P. M. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

# The Wisdom of Miss Susan.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Your Aunt Susan was a remarkable woman, Miss Molly," said the lawyer, looking keenly at the black gowned young woman before him, "and we must therefore not be surprised that she should have made a remarkable will." He tapped a folded document that lay on the table.

"I am quite sure Aunt Susan has made a wise disposition of her property. I only wish she had been spared longer to enjoy it," said Molly Fancher, her pretty eyes red from weeping.

"As you are the only relative Miss Wood had, and as your name is the only one mentioned in her will, I may as well proceed to make you acquainted with its contents. Ahem!" The lawyer unfolded the document and held it close to his spectacled eyes as he read slowly and impressively:

"I give and bequeath all the property of which I may die possessed, as per items below, to my beloved niece, Mary Wood Fancher, on condition that she does not become the wife of Ralph Newcomb. Item—"

"Stop, please," said Molly quietly. She had arisen and now stood, with pale face and flashing eyes, beside him. "You need not finish reading the will, Mr. Jones. The conditions are preposterous. I can hardly believe that my dear Aunt Susan could have asked such a thing of me. She knew of my engagement to Mr. Newcomb and sanctioned it." She welcomed him into the family as a son and—" Sobs choked her utterance, and she pressed a handkerchief to her trembling lips.

"Pray compose yourself, Miss Molly," said the puzzled lawyer. "As I said before your Aunt Susan was a remarkable woman, and—"

"The will cannot interest me now," said Miss Fancher, gravely. "I intend to marry Mr. Newcomb at the appointed time, and you may follow out the terms of the will whatever they are. How soon will it be necessary for me to vacate the house?"

"Not under six months, as a generous income is provided for that period. In case you refuse to comply with the conditions of the will, Miss Wood has left a sealed document, naming legal heirs which definitely dispose of the estate."

Molly bowed coldly. "I think my aunt must have conceived some prejudice against Mr. Newcomb. I hope I am sorry—" Her voice faltered again.

"You are sure you are not making a mistake, Miss Molly? Pardon me, but it is a large estate—about a million."

"I don't care if it is ten millions," retorted Molly, indignation drying her tears. "I would not falter my love for any amount." She blushed warmly as she met the lawyer's honest, admiring glance and drew down her black veil. "Good afternoon, Mr. Jones. I am quite sure you will execute my aunt's last wishes in the same conscientious manner that you have always handled her interests." A moment later she had passed from the building and entered her waiting carriage.

When she entered the sober, old fashioned mansion that had been the home of Susan Wood for half a century and which had been her own birthplace Molly Fancher's overwrought nerves gave way for the first time since the lingering illness of Miss Wood had resulted in her death a week before.

In spite of the old lawyer's repeated requests that she should hear the terms of her aunt's will the grief stricken girl had refused admittance to Mr. Jones until this morning, when she had roused herself from her sorrow, and made ready to take upon herself the responsibilities that she had been taught to believe would be hers after Miss Wood's death.

The reading of the will was a shock to her. The loss of the inheritance was as nothing compared to the knowledge that her aunt had secretly cherished a dislike, if not a distrust of Ralph Newcomb. Molly's accepted lover. It was this thought that rankled in the girl's mind all that long afternoon while she awaited his coming in the evening.

"Dear heart," he cried cheerily as he entered the drawing room, "if you shut yourself up in this gloomy house much longer without companionship save that of Mrs. Rogers, why, I shall"—He paused as he turned her face to the soft light of the lamp. "Something unusual has happened, Molly. Tell me what it is."

She smiled bravely at him and stilled her trembling lips. "I have been to hear Aunt Susan's will read," she said slowly.

"Well?" Molly found herself listening for some note of anxiety or even unusual interest in his tone as he asked the question that he had always accorded when riches was a topic of conversation, and she sighed relievedly.

"She leaves everything to me—conditionally."

"And the conditions?"

"That I do not marry you!" The softly uttered words startled him strangely. His arms loosened their hold upon her and dropped to his sides.

"You cannot mean it. There must be some mistake, Molly," he said gravely. "Miss Wood surely did not distrust the quality of my love for you. It is very strange."

"I can scarcely believe it of Aunt Susan, but, Ralph, dear, I am not afraid of poverty, and you are poor—and I will be poor with you, and we will live by that delightful studio building!"

Newcomb gathered her into his arms tenderly. "You have made your decision?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Do you know what you are giving up?"

"I am only sorry that I am bringing you nothing but love, dear," she said earnestly.

"We can get along on that," he said grimly, with a few little added frills in the way of meat and drink that I may be able to worry out of the editors, but—it isn't fair to you, darling—to leave all this." He looked about the richly furnished room and then back into her eyes.

"You cannot believe that I really love you, Ralph," she murmured protestingly.

"I do now, sweetheart," he said kissing her lips reverently, and then a few moments later, he added, "I shall prove my trust in your love, Molly—will you marry me at once—this week?"

"Yes, Ralph," she said.

* * * * * * *

It was perhaps six months later that Lawyer Jones mounted the last long step flight of stairs that led to the Eyrie, as Ralph Newcomb called his studio apartment. He looked about the bare, uncompromising hall that could not be dignified by the name of corridor and then rapped smartly on the door in front of him.

Molly opened the door—the same Molly who had never lifted a dainty finger in household matters. Her brown hair was in sweet confusion about her pink cheeks and the sleeves of her linen frock were pushed above her elbows. A great gingham apron enveloped her slim figure.

She welcomed him with all her old charm of manner and ushered him into a long, many gabled room, where Ralph Newcomb sat pale and weary eyed before a glowing fire.

"My husband has been very ill," said Molly seriously as the men shook hands cordially. "He has been working too hard and—But he is so much better now. It has been a most trying siege for him." Her red lips closed firmly, and the old lawyer guessed at the untold story that lay behind those lips. A glimpse of the bare studio, the remains of a very simple meal, a portfolio of drawings on a chair, over the back of which was thrown Molly's coat and hat—it all spoke of poverty, and the sort of poverty that perhaps is hardest to bear.

The thought of lovely Molly Fancher trudging up streets in and out of editors' offices with a portfolio of drawings and never losing her bright, brave smile of hope and sweet content stirred the lawyer strangely.

"I have come to inform you of the final disposition of your late aunt's fortune," he said rather gruffly, adjusting his eyeglasses and taking an envelope from his pocket.

"I don't believe we are interested in that," reluctant Ralph suddenly. "Miss Susan gave us our knockout blow several months ago. You certainly haven't come to gloat over us, Mr. Jones? Eh, Molly?"

She laughed softly. "We are awfully poor, but we are likewise awfully happy, Mr. Jones. Poor Aunt Susan didn't know—"

"My dear young people," interrupted the lawyer gravely, "Miss Wood did know. In her youth she chose between love and riches, and she preferred the latter, and except for her little niece she was a very lonely and unhappy woman. She gave Miss Molly the same choice, for that she distrusted either of you, but she did want you both to be sure of each other's love." He paused and cleared his throat as he rustled the document. "I will read: I give and bequeath my entire estate to be equally divided between Ralph Newcomb and his wife, Molly Fancher Newcomb'"—

"Poor Aunt Susan! I misjudged her so," cried Molly contritely when they had recovered from their amazement. "But I love to think that she had such faith in us both, after all. We have been very happy, Ralph, dear, even if we have been poor." She moved to her husband's side and slipped her hand in his.

"We will never be any happier," he said solemnly.

Mr. Jones paused when he reached the lower entrance of the studio building and leisurely lighted a cigar. "Very wise for a woman—Miss Wood—very wise, indeed," he said thoughtfully.

### Winning the Bet.

A London merchant who had a rather ruddy complexion, after "doing" Glasgow, had some time to wait for his train at St. Enoch station and he thought himself of a little joke.

"What is the name of this station, my good fellow?" he asked of a porter.

"St. Enoch station, sir."

A few minutes later he met the same porter and said:

"What did you call this station, porter?"

"St. Enoch's! Ha' ye no' see the name ahint the hotel there?"

Just then the train came in, and our English friend got comfortably seated in a third class smoker along with a few more passengers.

"These railway officials are about the worst. They can't be civil," remarked the Londoner.

"That's a confounded lee," said a Scotch farmer.

"Well," said the Londoner, "I'll bet five bob I don't get a civil answer from the first porter I ask a question of."

"Done!" replied the old farmer.

Looking out, he spied his porter and, beckoning him over, asked in his most polite tone:

"Would you kindly tell me the name of this station, porter?"

"Gang awa', ye bacon faced buffer! Pit yer daft heid in!" was the answer.

Bees Laxative Cough Syrup recommended by mothers for young and old is prompt relief for coughs, colds, croup, horseness, whooping cough. Gently laxative and pleasant to take. Guaranteed. Should be kept in every household. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

### On a New Footing.

Mr. Absalom Foote, an eccentric old gentleman who had grown tired of life in the city, decided to move to some smaller town, free from the roar of traffic, the bustle and confusion of the thronging multitude, where he could end his days tranquilly, as became a man of his age. In casting about for a location he chanced to light upon [illegible] village [illegible] R. Foote, who [illegible] his land and shop [illegible] up his mind to remove to the city.

"That's the very thing," he said. "Selling shoes is a very easy occupation. It will give me just enough to do to keep me from stagnating, and it won't wear me out with overwork. I'll investigate it. It's queer, though, that his name is Foote, my name is Foote, he wants to come to the city and I want to go to the country."

A visit to the little town decided him. He liked its appearance and location. He was pleased, moreover, with "Foote's Shoe Store" and bought it, good will and all, at a bargain.

"Well," said the other Mr. Foote, "you won't have to change the sign."

"No," he answered slowly. "I'll just add a title to it."

The next day he added this, just below the sign: "This place has changed feet."

### A Psychic Phenomenon.

An extraordinary incident is connected with Professor von Herkomer's famous painting, "The Last Muster," which is the picture of the year at the academy.

One morning soon after the exhibition was opened the artist was astonished to receive a letter from a lady, a perfect stranger, who said she was not aware until she saw "The Last Muster" at the academy on the previous day that her mother, then dead, had ever sat to the professor for her portrait.

Now, the figure in the picture was painted solely from imagination, and the artist hastened to explain this fact to his correspondent. She thereupon made an appointment and came to see him. Upon the easel was a half finished study of her mother, executed from a faithful likeness existing [illegible]

The visitor was astonished to [illegible] the likeness portrayed [illegible] a facsimile of the figure in the other picture, although it had never been in his line. London M. A. P.

### Sentences and Courts Martial.

The custom of holding courts martial in the French navy before every case of shipwreck is a curious one. In 1771 the Warrior, one of Commodore Byron's squadron, was forced on by the [illegible] Admiralty [illegible] the [illegible] Above name was [illegible] Channel, cleared them as most [illegible] of his subalterns. He was then deposed, and most of the crew made off in three of the boats. Later when it was proposed to prosecute against the so called mutineers the law officers of the crown decided that the men had been correct in their view. This case led to the framing of section 11 of the articles of war, which provides that in the case of shipwreck destruction of cruisers by the enemy a ship is held to remain in commission pending inquiry by a court martial.

### The Figs of Brittany.

"Brittany is delightful," the traveler man said fondly. "But beware of the figs there. The [illegible] is not fat and [illegible] ripe ones. He is as lean and fierce as a wolf and twice a wolf's size. My dear Brittany you see him. Swooping up and down the white road in search of fears, berries frogs, anything for he must forage for himself. His master never feeds him. Step out of his way or he will snarl and leap at you.

"The Breton's are great drunkards. Sometimes they fall asleep beside the road. They awake with a sharp pain in the arm or leg, the pain of a hungry hog's tooth."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

### A Picture Story.

Two lunatics are seen walking all over the moving picture.

They think they are following bear tracks.

Suddenly the foremost hunter stops with a start.

"By gum," he shouts, "them ain't bear's tracks at all; them's the sick man's dirty, thumb marks."—Bohemian Magazine.

### The $1,500 Kind.

"Ah, that's pretty," said Mr. Snooks looking over a number of architectural designs. "What is that?"

"That," said the architect, "is a $1,500 bungalow."

"What will it cost to build it?" asked Mr. Snooks.

"About $8,000," said the architect.—Judge's Library.

### A Redhot Flood.

An example of mixed metaphor was heard at a seamen's meeting at South Shields. An enthusiastic speaker urging the crowd to "take the title by the throat and grasp it red hot."—London Chronicle.

### The Secret.

Blobbs—There is only one thing a woman loves better than to be told a secret. Slobbs—What is that? Blobbs—To tell a secret for herself.—Philadelphia Record.

Beautiful this thought and beautiful the language wherewith Sir Philip Sidney gave it expression, "They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts."

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

# Tommy's Discovery.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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For a small periodical the Literary Target had a remarkably well equipped force. It employed an editor in chief, an assistant editor, a fiction editor, a household editor, a receiving editor, a stenographer and a general office boy.

Frederick Mallory Mason, A. B., was the editor in chief and Tommy (last name and degree of education wanting) was the general office boy. Margaret Van Amburgh, B. M. (bachelor of maids), held all the other positions.

This able trio kept things moving audibly—a state of affairs due to the editor's never failing good nature, to Tommy's love of the ludicrous and to Miss Van Amburgh's—well, to her combined pertness and extraordinary ability.

Into the midst of this center of activities on one particularly exacting afternoon a juicily piece of pasteboard forced its polite intrusion. Tommy handed it to Miss Van Amburgh with a roguishly grin.

"She told me," he announced, "to give it to Mr. Mason, but I promised the lass not to let any one get by me this afternoon. She came near it though. Say, but she's a winner!"

Miss Van Amburgh glanced at the inside [illegible] and, disdaining Tommy's gratuitous observations, went out to meet Miss Elizabeth Greene.

To Tommy's amazement he soon found himself ushering the "winner" into the editor's sanctum.

"H'm," he soliloquized within calculated earshot of Miss Van Amburgh, "some ladies can. She ain't no antelope, I'll be bound, and [illegible] followed by the attentive editor.

"Just close up the day's business as best you can, Miss Van Amburgh," he [illegible] "Miss Greene is waiting. I shall not be back this afternoon."

"Well did I tell you?" boasted Tommy, but Miss Van Amburgh was too busy to answer.

Tidings went forth by the editor of the Literary Leaflet the next day. The editor in chief was not easily distraught. He elevated in an absent minded manner and smiled [illegible] office gossip, offering no explanation of this most unusual proceeding. Tommy waited until the door closed [illegible] and then whistled.

"Gone to meet the 'winner,'" he conjectured. "I'll bet my"—

"Tommy, dust Mr. Mason's desk and be quiet about it," directed Miss Van Amburgh. "You grow lazier every day."

In a few minutes only the click, click, of the typewriter broke the silence. Suddenly a long chuckle came from the editorial sanctum.

"Tommy, what are you doing?" demanded Miss Van Amburgh, facing the culprit sternly.

"Get on to this," said the unabashed Tommy, reading hastily from some letters of paper pinned together on the desk before him. "I found them in the wastebasket. It's his stuff. Well, that's the way I feel about you, sweetheart. I—"

With a scornful sweep of her hand Miss Van Amburgh sent the telltale scraps flying.

"I'll have you discharged, Tommy," she threatened solemnly. "Go take those letters out of the press and carry them over to the postoffice. You needn't come back."

"Eve?" gasped the astonished Tommy. "You ain't got no right"—

"Back tonight, you silly. Now, step lively."

As soon as Tommy had been gone a sufficient length of time to insure against his possible return Miss Van Amburgh spread the crumpled bits of paper out on the blotter before her. She felt as guilty as she was.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" (her cheeks flushed as she read) "that you wanted to throw your arms around it and sing for happiness? Well, that's the way I feel about you, sweetheart. I want to fold you close to my heart and sing to you of my love."

For some time Margaret sat very still, her chin resting on her hand. Suddenly she brushed away the tears that were forming in her big brown eyes and, gathering up the precious scraps, put them in an envelope.

After she had directed this sentimental collection to "Miss Elizabeth Greene" she dropped it without hesitation down the office mail chute. The thud that indicated the letter's arrival in the box far below sounded the death knell of her hopes, and the air castle which she had built so joyously fell crashing about her. But she was glad she had had the courage to give another woman the happiness she craved for herself.

With the feeling that she had passed through some awful ordeal, yet had come out of it creditably, Margaret wrapped up a bunch of miscellaneous manuscripts for home work and closed the office.

As she was reading these over later she came upon one that bore a precious comment of her own. "This is worth accepting," she had jotted down for the editor's benefit, "if you can fix the man's love letters up a bit. They do not ring true."

Turning the pages over listlessly to the hero's first unsatisfactory epistle she was startled to read, in Mason's handwriting, the very letter she had pieced together that afternoon. She turned to the next letter. This, too, Mason had attempted to revise. I began encouragingly, but stopped short with the characteristic [illegible] night; "Miss V., I can't do anything with these old things. Haven't had any practice. You rewrite them."

The enormity of the blunder she had made flushed Margaret's cheeks crimson. For the next two days she went about the office in a daze. Should she or should she not confess? Her determination of the question was as far from being settled as ever, when late in the afternoon of the second day, Mr. Mason called her into his office.

He sat at his desk on which lay once more, those fatal scraps of paper and held in his hand a letter, over which he was evidently perplexed. He looked up at Margaret, however, with a smile.

"Here's the strangest mixup, Miss Van Amburgh. I wonder if you can help me make head or tail of it. Looks to me as if that incorrigible Tommy had been playing one of his practical jokes again. See here."

But Margaret would not look.

"I'm to blame, not Tommy," she confessed, and then somehow she got through her explanation. It was a humiliating experience.

When she had finished and with pathetic humility, begged Mason's forgiveness he looked at her with a look [illegible] she knew she could not deserve but which perversely she felt was worth the having humiliated to win.

"There's only one thing I'm sorry about," he said kindly. "You should have divulged these little scraps of sentiment to yourself, Margaret. They were written with the thought of you in my heart. They are my first love letters."

At this Margaret unexpectedly burst into tears. The strain of confession had unnerved her. Mason passed her by for it. He gave him the opportunity she longed for—of holding her in his arms and of comforting and [illegible] her.

"But what will you tell Mrs. Greene?" asked Margaret, distressed and amusement taking turns in possession of her blue brown eyes and adorable mouth.

"Oh, I'll make it all right with Cousin Elizabeth. Mason assured her, laughing. "She's a dandy girl, but has just had a falling out with her fiance, and I've been trying to help her patch it up."

"Oh," said Margaret comprehendingly.

"Do you know, dearest," asked Mason, fingering the scraps of paper on his desk, "I'm dreadfully proud, in think any of my love letters is worth—"

"It rings true," commented Margaret archly. "I knew you could do it."

At this Tommy burst in upon the lovers. He explained that he had knocked several times, but got no answer. Then he continued to stand in the doorway, grinning.

"Tommy," announced the editor in peremptory [illegible] Miss Van Amburgh and I are engaged. You are the first one to hear the news."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Tommy. "That's no news. I could 'a' told yer that when I found them scraps in the wastebasket."

### Resting Their Muscles.

When a man is tired he stretches his arms and legs. [illegible] and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn, or gape. Fishes often do this. Fish yawn. They open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

Dogs are lazy exercise yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always [illegible] as every one knows who has had a cat for a pet.

Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not as a rule on all fours, as stags do. A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his fore feet out and hollows his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar.

Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly; so do cattle. This fact is so well known that if a cow when arising from lying down does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill. The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there is an injury, anywhere it hurts.

### Coffee In Jamaica.

You see all those [illegible] trees with red berries strung [illegible] their branches? That is coffee, and the taller trees among which it is growing are pimentos, from which the world gets its allspice. It looks like jungle, does it not? Yet many thousands of dollars would not buy that one hill slope. Among the lovely flowers humming birds sparkle as they fly and hover; butterflies as large as the birds dispute the honey with them. As you turn round the corner you surprise parties of tiny ground doves, and every now and again the larger pea doves flit across the road. Up from the valley below the sounds of voices and laughter. Stop your carriage and look down. Those are the workers on a coffee estate; and those that terraces partitioned off into squares are the "barbecues" upon which the berries are dried. You can see that some of the squares are a different color to the rest. The dark ones are those that are covered with coffee; the others are those which have not yet been filled.—Exchange.

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## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. E. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 180, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
BURDETTE S. HAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 473, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CURTIS-SAYEN, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellow's Hall.
B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at 2 p. m. in G. A. R. Hall.
Miss. DELLA GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PARKS, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Post, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. O. M.—Brown Rive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday evenings.
LYLE ADAMS, Com.
EDDIE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon in the M. E. Church parlors.
Miss E. A. PARKER, Pres.
Miss MARY E. RICHARDSON, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 48, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. CLEMENT, Pres.
JANNIE ERICKSON-BURK, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 14, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
Miss. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday, Warrior's degree 2nd Monday, Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ARMEY, S.
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## Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting—Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m.

*Episcopal.*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday [illegible] at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on 3rd Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 11:45.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel.*—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector.—Divine services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9:30 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:45 a. m. on the next.

CHRISTADELPHIAN CHURCH—T. P. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening in each month. All are invited.

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"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer Smethport, Pa.

# A Frost In July.

By C. B. Lewis.

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When Miss Mary Cleves, forty years old and aunt of Eileen Cleves, not yet quite half those years, accepted the responsibility of acting as chaperon to the young lady for a few weeks' stay in the Berkshire hills she determined to do her duty at all costs.

They had scarcely reached the hotel selected when that duty confronted her. Paul Clifford, the artist, crossed their path. The young people had many mutual friends in town, but had never been introduced.

In any hotel in the Berkshires, the Catskills or on the seashore a handsome young girl and a bachelor artist of note, with romance still feasted in his soul, are bound to meet sooner or later if given half a show.

Such meetings come about by accident, or Providence takes a hand, and the first thing they know they have introduced themselves to each other and are talking about art and motor trips through Europe.

Aunt Mary understood this; also that she was there to prevent it. She would insist on formality to the bitter end. She did insist. Even when she and Miss Eileen in walking out one day were suddenly confronted by a snake as much as nine inches long and screamed and the artist came running up and saved their lives from the monster she stood on formality and insisted that her charge do the same. The artist here was dismissed with a formal bow and went his way with an odd sense of their ingratitude gnawing at his heart.

Three or four days later, however, a family with whom he was well acquainted in the city arrived, and a formal introduction took place. This made things straight in one way and all wrong in another.

He was now privileged to lift his hat and say good morning, but the old maid looked upon him as a possible lover and added many precautions. She was polite, but she was also vigilant. The artist probably hoped as another man would in his place, that in time she could grow out and be held at least really shy and right for more heroic deeds.

Around the second story of the hotel ran a verandah, and the three parties in the case had rooms opening on to this promenade. One afternoon as the aunt was parading up and down the verandah she noticed that the artist was in his room writing a letter. She at once suspected that it was a note to be passed to Miss Eileen at the first favorable opportunity.

The chaperon was disturbed, but determined. She promenaded clear around the house, and upon her return she beheld a sheet of note paper lying on the floor. She also saw that the artist had stepped out of his room. A draft had caught up the letter he was writing and drawn it through the open window.

Aunt Mary was a woman of the sternest principles. She reasoned it out in a moment that she had no moral right to that note. It was for her to ignore its existence and continue her promenade, but all at once her stern principles took a tumble.

She stooped, seized the sheet and fled to her room, which was next to that of her niece. Even then it was not too late to save her principles unTarnished. She could have torn the sheet into fragments before reading the lines written thereon. She could, but she didn't. She read even to the last word, and a moment later she was in the room of her niece, saying:

"I suspected it from the first! He is a cold blooded wretch!"

"Who is, auntie?" was the natural query.

"Mr. Clifford! I have found him out just in time. Oh, the perfidy of it! Oh, the insults heaped upon us! Read that. No, let me read it."

And, holding the half finished letter in her left hand and using the right forefinger to punctuate the air while she held her figure in tragic pose and spoke from the depths of her indignation, she read:

Dear Jim—I have seen both of them. The old one is no good and badly out of repair. Wouldn't take her as a gift. Guess she was one of the first ones made. The other is a clipper, with heaps of go in her. Decided bargain, and I shall close the deal at once. Climbs the steepest hills around here like a cat, and you ought to see her scoot on the level! The old one—

That was as far as the artist had written when he left the room, and the breeze came in and toyed with the sheet and sent it to the feet of the woman who had a duty to do. She finished reading and maintained her pose for half a minute and then solemnly said:

"I found it on the veranda. The wind brought it to me. I came from my room and saw him as he was writing it."

"Do you think that Mr. Clifford wrote it?" asked the young lady.

"I do. There is nothing more completely in order. He has seen both of us. The one is no good and badly out of repair. I am the old one. I am badly out of repair."

"But, auntie—"

"Don't interrupt me. Wouldn't take her as a gift. Guess she was one of the first ones made. This about me—about your good aunt! Oh, the crafty, sneaking villain!"

"But, why should Mr. Clifford write such things about you? He is surely a gentleman and there must be a mistake somewhere."

"And he refers to you as a clipper with heaps of go in her. You are a decided bargain. You climb hills like a cat. You scoot on the level. The man ought to be driven from the hotel."

"He never wrote it!" exclaimed the girl. "He never meant you nor me. There is some awful mistake here. I never saw his handwriting, but I'll—"

"Wait right here!" hysterically commanded the aunt. And, with the letter in her hand, she went down to the office to consult the register. She was absent ten minutes, and during this interval Miss Eileen heard a man's steps on the veranda and peeped out to see the artist looking about as if he had lost something. When the aunt returned she had the light of victory in her eyes.

"The waiting is the same," she announced. "He would be convicted in any court in the land. I am an old one and badly out of repair, and you are a clipper and climb hills like a cat. If he doesn't leave the hotel this evening we shall start for home in the morning."

"But I won't go until we are sure about it," replied the young lady with spirit.

"Oh, we'll be sure enough about it. Meanwhile at dinner tonight we'll give Mr. Paul Clifford the coldest snubbing a man ever received. If you don't assist me I'll telegraph your father. We'll see if he will put up with his daughter being called a cat and a decided bargain. I will do the snubbing, and you simply maintain your dignity. Out of repair, am I? We'll see if he isn't worse off."

The artist missed his half finished epistle, hunted search for it and finally indited another and mailed it away. He came down into the parlors ten minutes before dinner, hoping for a word or two with Miss Cleves.

She blushed at sight of him and blushed still harder as he advanced, but she stood on her dignity. That is, she turned her head away and in some confusion he passed her and remarked to the aunt that it looked like a fine day. Miss Cleves wheeled about like a machine and after fixing him with a cold gaze for thirty seconds she left the room.

"She must have made a mistake," the artist said to Clark. He almost fell over himself in doing so, so far as he was concerned he might have gone on over the hotel and not been aware of the fact. It was a solemn breakfast and it ended hard. Had he turned once more toward the girl he would have found her pose as dignified as before, but a cross or something like pity in her eyes.

Mr. Clifford did not enjoy the morning stroll. Possibly take away a man's appetite. He went out into the dock and sat down on a boulder and imagined that he was Sherlock Holmes, and after an hour or so he figured things out.

Then he sent a telegram to a friend in the city—a friend who knew the Cleves family well. That night he was missed from parlors and verandas. He could play and sing and recite, and there were many inquiries for him. When they were addressed to Miss Cleves her reply was:

"Excuse me, but I don't know the party."

There was a new arrival at the hotel next forenoon. He was closeted with the artist for half an hour, and then he filed him forth and found Miss Cleves seated on a grating, still wondering how any man on earth dared to write to another that she was an old one.—The interview which followed was hot for the first fifteen minutes. Then it gradually cooled off, though at regular intervals for the next half hour the woman in the case rose to her feet and exclaimed:

"Yes, but how dared he write that the old one was no good and out of repair? It's shocking, sir. It's dreadful! It's something that I cannot forgive."

"But you know, Miss Cleves"—

"And how dared he speak of my dear niece as climbing a hill like a cat? And how dared he refer to her as a scooter on the level! Think of it, sir—a scooter!"

"But you now understand"—

"Why, if her father come to know that she had been called a cat, a scooter and a bargain, I should tremble for the consequences!"

Nevertheless, when a man has explanations that explain and when he goes over those explanations often enough, even an indignant old maid must be convinced at last. So it was with Miss Cleves. She finally melted, drew a breath of relief and, seeing Miss Eileen strolling toward them, she called to her:

"Oh, dearie, it appears that we have made an awful mistake. It transpires that Mr. Clifford was writing to Mr. Gaston about a couple of autos that the latter had asked him to look at. Therefore I am not an old one, and you don't climb hills like a cat. If you can find Mr. Clifford bring him here, and I will apologize."

Any artist who didn't pursue his advantage after that, deserved to be left behind in the race.

### The Land of the Free.

"There's eight nations represented in this ward of ours," said Mr. Goodman to his wife on his return from a political meeting. "I'm trying to count them off on my fingers."

"There's Irish, Dutch, Dutchess, Poles, Germans, Russians, Greeks, an'"—

Mr. Holborn stopped and began again:

"There's Irish, Dutch, Dutchess, Poles, Germans, Russians, Greeks—and ain't I glad I live in the other ward? There's five Dutch!"

"Maybe two Americans," suggested Mrs. Holborn.

"Sure, that's it," said her husband. "I couldn't think."—Youth's Companion.

## UNIQUENESS WANTED.

Where is the out of town resort
Where men are so extremely short—
Or scarce? I'd like a true report—
Authentic information.
I'd like to know where maidens fair
Find that condition hard to bear,
I'd like to save them from despair
Through my two weeks' vacation.

The only rabbits on the beach,
I'd be extremely nice to each;
I'd take them out to row and teach
Them all the art of swimming.
Impartially with all I'd spoon,
With all admire the lovely moon,
My cup of joy at such a boon
Would be quite overbrimming.

For generally, I admit,
I do not seem to make a hit;
The girls seem bored a little bit
Whenever I go near them.
But if they really had no choice
My manly form and manly voice
Might make their lonely hearts rejoice,
I'd love to go and cheer them.
—Chicago News.

### Giving Him Encouragement.

"Do you think your father would hurt me if I was to ask him for you?"

"Hardly. But there's no telling what he will do if you don't say something pretty soon."

### He Realized at Last.

"Glad to meet you again, Miss Green. I saw you last in"—

"I beg your pardon."

"That must have been before"—

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown."

"It doesn't seem possible that a—"

"Really, Mr. Brown, you"—

And then the luckless Brown suddenly understood that the lady didn't care to hear any further references to the flight of time and changed the subject.—Town Topics.

### Not Meant For Him.

"See here," indignantly cried the transient guest—"here's a collar button in this stew!"

"Oh, that's a mistake, sir!" replied the waiter.

"A mistake?"

"Yes, sir. We never give extras except to our regular customers."—Cathedral Standard and Times.

### Emulation.

"Why do you think college boys are so fond of athletics?"

"I suppose," answered Mr. Si Lever-head, "that the youngsters overhear us old chaps bragging 'bout what we did when we were boys an' sort o' feel it their duty to try to keep up."—Washington Star.

### Proof Positive.

Jack—She is an exceptional woman.

Tom—In what way?

Jack—She understands the game of baseball.

Tom—How do you know?

Jack—She finds fault with the umpire from start to finish.—Detroit Tribune.

### Wisdom of the Wise.

"I never trust a man who is continually harping on the beauties of honesty," said the sage of Sageville.

"Why not?" queried the youth.

"Because," explained the wisdom dispenser, "it sounds too much as if he were arguing with himself."—Chicago News.

### Fashions Reversed.

Mabel—How do you like my new gown, grandmamma?

Grandmamma—I don't. In my day girls wore one button gloves and gowns buttoned up to the neck. Now they wear one button gowns and gloves buttoned up to the neck.—Judge.

### Got Rattled.

Tired Thomas—After givin' me sumthin' I'd eat dat ole farmer asked me t' turn de grindstone for him.

Lazy Lewis—Wot did youse do?

Tired Thomas—Nawthin'. I wuz so rattled I didn't know which way t' turn.—Minneapolis Journal.

### Overwhelming Success.

"You have the three cent fare in your town now, have you? How does it work?"

"Too well. There's only about one person in half a dozen that can get a seat in the street cars now."—Pittsburg Post.

### His Job.

"Yes, he doesn't do anything but pick up pins all the time."

"Well, well, that's a queer superstition."

"Not at all. It's an occupation. He's employed in a bowling alley."—Success Magazine.

### Things Going His Way.

Kit—Was the umpire struck by a pitched ball?

Jill—No; but he was struck with everything else.—Yonkers Statesman.


### For Sale.

Second-hand two-horse power Acme steam engine, connected for natural gas and in good running order. Reason for selling—we had to put in a larger engine. Engine can be seen at this office. For further particulars call on or address HARRY L. BACKUS.
Miner office, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.


# Nan's Experiment.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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"The foundations of our social system are rotten to the core!" announced Nan, leaning forward in the great wicker chair to watch the progress of the little Italian across the velvety lawn.

Her brother Bob sank even more deeply in his own cushioned chair and studied the smoke curling upward from the tip of his very good cigar.

"I told Uncle Henry this would be the inevitable result of sending you to a western co-ed college. The social system here is quite good enough for me."

Nan's broad forehead was puckered in a thoughtful frown.

"Now, take that young Italian foreman of yours, for instance! What puts him in a different class from you? The fact that his father had not enough money to feed his big family and your father had too much money for the good of his two children."

"Really," remarked Bob, with eyes dancing, "I never noticed any complaints from you about superfluity of cash."

"Give that man a Fifth avenue tailor, a valet and a motor car and he would pass muster in our set shoulder to shoulder with you."

"I don't know about that," pursued Bob. "He might eat with his knife"—

"Not after he had been told it was wrong," said Nan, with conviction. "Suppose he were wearing corduroy for shooting instead of digging excavations. Suppose he were wearing shirt sleeves in a tennis court or the links instead of his coat! He would be a gentleman, one of your equals. He would look not a whit different than what he does today, but we would accept him socially where today we regard him as our inferior."

Bob cast amused glances at Vincenzo in the porch roof where workmen were busily building a nest among the vines. "And this is the modern woman—the effect of the higher education—the result of the higher schooling," he murmured.

It might have been the birds, cooing drowsily overhead, or it might have just been the love of mischief which sometimes never outgrow even which, like Robert Darnton, they can count their gray hairs by the score, that caused Nan's eyes to twinkle. At any rate, he sat up very suddenly and determinedly and regarded his sister quite seriously.

"Have you the courage of your convictions? Are you willing to put your theory to the test? Will you let me invite my foreman here as an equal, provided, of course, that I secure the stipulated Fifth avenue tailoring, the 'man' and the motor?"

"Good gracious, Bob, you move so suddenly!" suggested Nan.

"No time like the present, and I insist that any one who attacks our social system should prove its rottenness when he has the opportunity. I will invite my foreman here as a guest. I will agree that he is properly coached for his part. It would not be fair to turn him loose on our unsuspecting guests without some training, and then I will wager you a diamond sunburst against a crocheted tie that you ask me to put him out of the house before the week is up."

Nan's glance traveled once more across the expanse of green lawn. The lithe figure of the Italian was just disappearing behind a clump of shrubbery. Well, in appearance, at least, he could do the house of Darnton no discredit. Anyhow, why should a girl who was planning settlement work for the fall shrink at the thought of having one "case" in her home for a few days? She would have to live among them—in the fall!

"Well?" inquired Bob, watching her lovely, changeable expression with appreciative eyes.

"Let him come!" she answered, with assumed nonchalance and—there was no denying it—something of pleasure that she was to meet again the glance of the Italian's wondrous brown eyes. Standing on the lower step of the porch, he had looked a veritable young god. "Only you are not to tell him that the idea, the theory, is mine."

So did Vincenzo Pantozzi join the innermost circle of the social set graced by the Darntons—came also a rakish yellow racer of foreign make, a man versed in all the mysteries of the tailoring world, and a wardrobe which was a credit at least to Bob Darnton's generosity.

On one point Vincenzo stood firm. He must be permitted to leave the house every morning in time to join his workmen who were building the marvelous Italian garden at the lower end of the estate. If the fair chatelaine often shared his early breakfast, her zeal as a sociological student was to her command.

Barring a few times when Vincenzo gripped the wrong table utensil in his nervousness or dropped his spoon or fork, he did very well at table, and there was no need of dread on the part of his hostess when the elaborate week end dinner was scheduled.

"It is marvelous what imitative creatures we all are," she observed mentally one morning. She had ordered the early breakfast served on the side porch, and the scent of honeysuckle was all over.

And then Vincenzo, looking up, caught something—he did not know just what—in her calm gray eyes and promptly proceeded to upset a squat pitcher of cream.

Every night Vincenzo came in from the embryonic Italian gardens to be shaved and dressed by the stolid Englishman provided by his host.

If there were no guests for the evening Bob went a-calling on his neighbors and the fair chatelaine found herself sighing to the moonlight beside the pseudo owner of the rakish yellow car, who was taking to luxury and the social career as a duck takes to water.

To be sure, Bob suggested rather heartlessly that the week end party had best be postponed. "It is one thing to conduct a social experiment, he remarked, and another to explain it when the experimenter was a charming young woman. And the experimental one—well, there was no use talking! Vincenzo had proved no slouch!

And on the evening of the sixth day Bob came home from the city late. Dinner had been served. The porch was deserted.

No, Miss Darnton and Mr. Pantozzi were not out motoring. The gentleman (what fine shades of meaning a stolid faced servant can put into a simple phrase) had gone away in his car alone and Miss Darnton was in her room, quite ill with a headache.

Headache notwithstanding, she burst into her brother's study directly the servant had gone back to the rear of the house. Her face was quite pale. Her eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy from the center of dark circles.

"I've come to acknowledge my defeat, Bob," she said bitterly. "I'll start your tie in the morning, and I wish you would see that Mr. Pantozzi leaves the house before I start the tie."

"Whew!" gasped Bob. "What has he done? Eaten peas with a spoon or demanded spaghetti?"

Nan leaned wearily against a chair and her mouth drooped.

"It has been a dreadful mistake, Bob. Don't joke about it, dear. Vincenzo—tonight—he has fallen in love with me."

Bob leaned back in his chair and laughed incredulously.

"Which goes to show," he gasped between paroxysms, "that your theory is entirely correct. He fell right into our life, our ways. He is one of us. I didn't know a better type among our crowd who would not fall in love with you if he had the opportunities of seeing you in your most charming way—especially Pantozzi has. Don't say anything to him that will be a bad theorist who will accept the results of her own experiments."

"I didn't think you would take it like this, Bob. I thought the honor of the family"—

Bob bit his lip.

"Did he say anything that reflected on the Darnton honor?"

"None. He was lovely, but a bit hysterical. He said—well, you know what they all say—that I was the one woman—that he was unworthy of me—that he would not have placed me in such a false position—but he should love me always—and then he jumped into his car—your car, I mean—and went down the drive like mad."

"He didn't happen to say that he thought it a shame for a pretty girl to lose by trickery the best sunburst Tiffany could put up, did he?"

"Bob," gasped his sister, leaning heavily against the table, "did he know?"

"Everything, my dear. Vincenzo is a chap I met in Paris, the younger son of an old Roman family, who has nothing but chapels and marbles and paintings which the state will not permit them to sell, and Vincenzo was studying architecture with the laudable intention of earning a fortune to keep the confounded chapels and relics in the family. I gave him his first commission, and he has retaliated by demanding the hand of my only sister. That's gratitude for you! I'll send him packing in the morning," said Bob, with assumed fierceness. Then suddenly a figure all in white nestled against his broad shoulder; a slim arm crept around his neck.

"I'd—I'd rather you wouldn't, Bob. I need a new sunburst worse than anything else in the world, except"—

"A glimpse of Pantozzi's face at this minute—and there's his car!"

### Artemus Ward's Accomplishment.

On the occasion of Artemus Ward's professional visit to London, which occurred not long before his death, J. E. Preston Muddock says in his book, "Pages From an Adventurous Life," that the American humorist's advertisements of his "show" were as full of funny surprises as the lectures themselves. One that tickled the general public was this:

Artemus Ward delivered Lectures Before All the Crowned Heads of Europe ever thought of delivering lectures.

And an excerpt from his lecture on "Drawing" is quoted by Mr. Muddock as a particularly delightful bit.

"I haven't distinguished myself as an artist," Ward said in his infinitable way, "but have always been infixed up in art. I have an uncle who takes photographs in his sane moments, and I have a servant who takes everything he can lay his hands on at any moment.

"At a very tender age I could draw on wood. When a mere child I once drew a small cart load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. It was a raw morning. The people of the village recognized me. They said it was a raw turnip drawing. That shows how faithfully I had copied nature. I drew their attention to it, so you see there was a lot of drawing in it.

"The villagers, with the wonderful discernment peculiar to villagers, said I had a future before me. As I was walking backward when I made my drawing, I replied that I thought my future must be behind me."

## THE FAMOUS PANTHEON.

Magnificent Tomb of Many of the Great Men of France.

The Pantheon in which the attempt was made to assassinate Major Dreyfus has been called the Westminster abbey of France. Famous men of France are entombed there. On its site Clovis built a church to the apostles. It has been sacred ground since 500 years after the birth of Christ. The church built by Clovis was destroyed by Norman pirates about the year 1000. It was replaced by the abbey of St. Geneviève, of which now only the bell tower remains. Louis XV. built the Pantheon. It was a splendid pile, the combined work of two famous French architects, Soufflot and Rondelet. It is in the form of a Greek cross. In front it has a superb portico of twenty-two Corinthian columns sixty-five feet high, reposing on a magnificent peristyle of twelve mighty steps. In the interior are sixteen windows, with thirty-two Corinthian columns, and high above all, more than 300 feet in the air, stretches its vast dome.

Here lie Mirabeau, Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, Marshal Lannes and many other famous Frenchmen. The building is filled with superb frescoes, and it is the goal of every ambitious Frenchman to find a resting place here among the honored dead of his race.

Napoleon the Great took the Pantheon and turned it over to the ecclesiastical authorities, who, ever since called the structure the Church of St. Geneviève, but it still remained in the eyes of all Frenchmen the resting place of the hero dead of their race.

Lannes was buried in its crypt. Then came Portalis, Cabanis, Vien, Lagrange, Lancisi-Ville, Jacobi, thirty-nine Napoleonic heroes, statesmen and great orators were put there, with great ceremonies, solemn music, solemn discourse, pomp and flowers, with vast multitudes surrounding.

When the usurping Louis XVIII. [illegible] Pantheon was taken from the [illegible] and [illegible] decoration. In the [illegible] were to be painted the [illegible] Burial [illegible] and [illegible] buried in the [illegible] the last, in [illegible] or revolution [illegible]

[illegible] the exact [illegible] spoke. When [illegible] Napoleon were [illegible] took it for [illegible] purposes.

The architecture [illegible] remains of [illegible] in charge from the second empire until 1885. The death of Victor Hugo put them in [illegible] The French government decreed that the great poet be put in the Pantheon crypt, and as he went in the ecclesiastical authorities went out. It has been said that Voltaire and Rousseau had been taken out years previously. Then years ago, therefore, the republic wished to know the truth. Reverently, scientifically and historically the two sepulchers were opened. They were found intact.

In 1885 parliament decreed that the remains of four more Napoleonic heroes be transported to the Pantheon. They were Lazare Carnot, grandfather of the martyred president; Marceau, perished at sixteen and general at twenty-one; Baudin, the Republican revolutionary representative of 1848, and Declos, Count d'Auvergne, "the premier grenadier of France."—Baltimore American.

### Trying to Age Violins.

While a man in Philadelphia has been trying to invent a varnish that will make a new, cheap violin sound like a Stradivarius, a well known violinist and maker of the instruments has been working along a different line to secure the same effect. He says that age has nothing to do directly with the tone of a violin; that the amount of "bowing" it receives is what makes the tone superior. He makes use of an electrical machine which sends vibrations through the instrument, and he claims that in thirty days as much bowing can be given the violin by this means as it would get in fifty years in the ordinary way.—Pathfinder.

### A Lake of Oil.

Five miles south and west of Glenn pool, Tulsa county, on the Korndorfer lease, the Prairie Oil and Gas company has drilled in, at a depth of 2,340 feet, a well of high grade oil, offsetting another big well at the same depth producing the same grade of oil. This strike is remarkable in that both these wells are at least 300 feet deeper than wells in the Glenn pool and reveal entirely new sand, with every indication that the entire country thereabout is underlaid with a lake of high grade oil at a depth until now never discovered. It is possible that many if not all wells in the Creek oil fields will in time be drilled to the new sand.—Kansas City Journal.

### The Blows of Chance.

Chancellor Kirkland of Vanderbilt university is known to his students by the briefer name of "Chancey."

Besides being chief executive, he is also head professor of Latin and, the boys say, prize long talker at chapel exercises.

One day while conducting a class in Horace he called on a certain student to read, who did so in utter innocence and absolute accuracy as follows:

"It is hard for us to endure the blows of chance."

The class burst out in a roar of laughter and as the "Chancey" joined in the dunderhead student perceived the modern significance of ancient words.


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# Humor

## THE ENTHUSIAST.

**Postpones Vacation After Working Day and Night For a Week.**

I remember the morning when we first met and he told me about it.

His step was light and springy. His color was good. His eye was bright.

"Yes," he said in answer to my inquiry, "we are getting ready to go on our vacation."

"Have you arranged"—

"I'm just doing that now; have given up the day to it."

Later I met him again.

"Not off yet?" I asked.

"Not yet. It takes a little time to adjust things. There's quite a lot to do. But," he continued brightly, "it all goes well we shall be started by the first of the week, Tuesday at the very latest."

The next day I ran across him in the bank. He apologized for running into me.

"Somewhat of a rush," he said; "have had to fix up a lot of odds and ends—get my book balanced and lay out certain schedules"—

"That's all right," I said sympathetically. "I understand. You are"—

"Getting along nicely," he muttered, with a slightly tired voice, as he rushed away.

Two days passed. Suddenly I ran across him in the postoffice. He carried a bundle of mail. He dragged one foot feebly after the other.

"Still at it?" I asked. "Still getting ready for that vacation?"

"Yes," he whispered. "Say, maybe I haven't been working like a slave!" He glanced at his watch. "Must hurry to meet my wife. She wants me to help her pick out some clothes. And me up to my ears!"

"Haven't got things fixed yet?"

"No, no! But I hope to by Monday. Been working every night for a week. But maybe we won't have a good time when we get off. The thought of it is all that keeps me alive."

He shuffled away. Could this decrepit creature be the sprightly one of a week ago? Days passed. A week later I met him again. He looked better. He was walking slow.

"Hello!" I cried. "I thought you were going on that vacation."

"I was, but"—

"You don't mean to say that you gave it up?"

He nodded.

"I had to," he replied. "The doctor said that in my condition it wasn't safe to get far away from home."—Tom Masson in Puck.

**Tourists Take Warning.**

The summer residents of Weymouth, Mass., were greatly amused by the pranks of some young humorists who were in the habit of changing letters on signs so as to make them read in new and startling ways. The latest escapade had to do with the sign of an estimable old man who advertised on a big board that he would carry a trunk to any part of the town for 25 cents. Imagine the surprise of the incoming tourists as they saw for the first time the bold sign, "Trunks Carried to Any Part of Weymouth—25c."—Lippincott's Magazine.

**A Somnambulist.**

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he woke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on!" he cried. "You must not arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied: "I don't care what your religion is. Yer can't walk the streets in yer nightshirt."

**Making Enemies.**

"In order to succeed in life," said the experienced person, "you must not be afraid to make enemies."

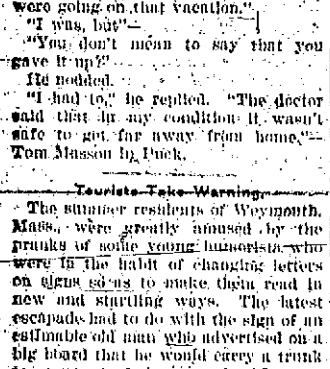
"Then," answered the ingenuous youth, "you would probably advise me to put in some time as a baseball umpire."—Washington Star.

**The Limit.**

"There's nothing that makes a woman be society woman madder than to find her name left out of the report of some swell function she attended."

"Unless it's to find besides that her rival's name is in."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Agreed!**



Madame—You don't like my dress? Oh, well, I don't care. I have taste, and you have none.

Monsieur—That's quite true. Our marriage proves it.

**Not For Him.**

Mrs. Newlywed—It's just brutal of you to call it "this stuff." You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread and—

Mr. Newlywed—Yes, but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine.—Philadelphia Press.

**It Was Tantamount.**

"Has she told you that she loved you?"

"Not in so many words. She merely asked me what life insurance I carried."

Fortune gives too much to many, but to none enough.—Martial.

# Selections

## HAWAII'S GOATS.

**They Eat Up the Mountain Forests and Cause Floods.**

The wild goat of Hawaii in recent years became a serious menace to agriculture in various parts of the territory. Secure among the almost inaccessible cliffs of the mountains, thousands of these nimble animals find a congenial home, and, although no systematic efforts have as yet been inaugurated for exterminating them, they are nevertheless extremely wary and difficult to approach.

California and Australia have had their scourges of rabbits, and various western states still have their troubles in combating prairie dogs and gophers, but these pests injure the agriculturist directly by attacking his growing crops, while, on the other hand, the goats of Hawaii do the same thing indirectly by ruining the mountain forests, which conserve the rainfall on which the water for irrigation purposes is dependent. This was not for a long time appreciated, but of late years, with the rapid increase in the number of goats, it has become very apparent. In some sections of the mountain districts, once heavily wooded, there is now scarcely any vegetation at all, due solely to the destructive feeding of the goats.

Goat hunting is a popular diversion in some parts of the territory and as a sport is by no means to be despised. Although the animals are numerous, it requires some hard tramping and climbing to get to their haunts, and then a true aim and good eye for distance in order to have much success. Occasionally parties are organized and a week or more spent in goat shooting, with the result that sometimes several hundred are slaughtered. Were it not for the injurious characteristics of the little animals the slaughter would seem wanton in the extreme, for no value is placed on the carcass, and it is usually left where it falls. Indeed, the character of the mountains would often make it difficult to secure the quarry after it is shot, and it is only in case of an especially large animal, which the hunter may desire to secure as a trophy, that any attempt is ever made to recover the body.

The fact that there seems to be no market for the skins prevents their being hunted for any other purpose than the sport or in order to reduce their numbers where they have become especially troublesome. Could some use be found for the skins, there is no doubt that a great number could be secured at little cost. The goats are of the common back yard, tin can eating variety transplanted here years ago, and, finding the conditions especially congenial, they have increased very rapidly after breaking away from the dominion of man.—Forest and Stream.

**Photographing the Stomach.**

An improved apparatus has been made by Dr. Fritz Lang of Munich by which the inside of the stomach can be clearly photographed. The camera is actually swallowed by the patient, and when it reaches the stomach the walls thereof can be illuminated by a small electric lamp attached to the apparatus. At the bottom of the camera is wound a photographic film twenty inches long and a quarter of an inch wide. All the surgeon has to do is to pull a cord and thus run the film past the lens. The electric light is then turned on, and after the sensitive film has been impressed with the image the current is turned off and another section of the film is brought into play until the requisite number of pictures has been obtained.

**Court Clerk's Big Fees.**

The Chicago Bar association has declared war on the fee system of paying clerks in the supreme and appellate courts. So large have the emoluments of these offices become, reports say, that it is not unusual for some of the clerks to receive in a year from two to four times as much as the salary of a judge. The Record-Herald shows that the clerk of the supreme court nets from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, while in the appellate court the fees run up to $30,000. The Bar association demands that the offices be placed on a salary basis and suggests that $6,000 a year is quite enough to tempt good men to take the places.

**The Man's Turn to Laugh.**

A man in Berlin who paid $1.75 for a ticket to hear Mlle. Labia, the Italian countess prima donna, sing in "Carmen" tried to get the managers to refund his money when the prima donna failed to appear in the role as advertised. The managers laughed at the man and pointed to a conspicuous placard hung in the lobby announcing that the star was ill and would not appear that evening. Appeal to the highest courts was made, and now the theater managers have been ordered to refund the price of the ticket and pay the costs of the suit.

**Getting Along.**

Miss Goodley—Miss Hussle goes in for everything. She's constantly doing something. Miss Knox—Yes, but the one thing she is doing most steadily she won't admit. Miss Goodley—What is that? Miss Knox—Growing older.—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Too Much of It.**

Greene—How does it happen that you don't trade at Cleaver's any more? You used to brag about the nice cuts of meat he always sent you. Is it because he wouldn't give you credit? Gray—On the contrary, it is because he did.—Boston Transcript.

**Tommy's Lesson.**

Tommie—But, mamma, fingers were made before forks. Mamma—Yes, my boy, and dirt was made before pie, but you prefer pie, don't you, Tommie?—Yonkers Statesman.

**In Forbidden Places.**

A very large mastiff at one end of a leash and a very small girl at the other end formed a combination which attracted the attention of a casual pedestrian in a quiet side street.

The little girl doubtless thought that she was taking the dog out for an airing, but the beast himself appeared to have the impression that he was the leader of the expedition, and beyond question the balance of power was entirely on his side. He dragged the girl more despite her scolding and expostulations at a pace which kept her breathless.

Suddenly, either from a whim of his own or because somebody had been in the habit of taking him there, he darted through the swinging doors of a corner saloon. The girl looked horrified; but, clinging determinedly to her end of the leash, she followed her charge, and as the doors swung shut behind her the casual pedestrian heard this exasperated remonstrance:

"Oh, darnfound it! Don't you know ladies don't go there? It's only a place for men!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Queer Feeding.**

"Come and watch me feed my starfish."

The curator of the aquarium led the reporter to a tank where a half dozen starfish tripped over the sandy bottom on slim brown fingers.

"Gently, boys," he said, and he dropped into the tank six mussels.

The fish ran to the mussels. Each applied his stomach to the hinge at the back of the shell. Silence and immobility ensued.

"The gastric juice of the starfish," said the curator, "is now melting the hinges of flesh that hold the mussel shells together. Ah, look, there's one melted now. There's another. It's the most powerful gastric juice in the world."

One by one their hinges destroyed, the mussel shells opened, and into the openings the starfish thrust their stomachs. More silence, more immobility.

Then a little plumper at the heart the starfish went tripping daintily off, but the mussel shells lay open and empty on the sand.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**To Banish Insomnia.**

Chloral, morphia and the poppy must look to their laurels as aids to "nature's sweet restorer," for, according to a French contemporary, a recent invention will banish insomnia. The invention is a musical bed. The sleepless and tired man goes to bed and with his foot releases a spring which sets a musical box in motion. The apparatus begins to grind out lullabies and melodies, and in a short time the patient is snoring peacefully.—New York Tribune.

**Johnny's Definition.**

"What is the meaning of the word intimidating?" asked his teacher.

"Please, ma'am," spoke up little Johnny Holcomb, "it means a circus procession passing the school and the scholars not allowed to look out."

**Famous Epicures.**

In the ceiling of the dining room in Nero's "Golden House," on the Palatine hill, were compartments lined with ivory which revolved, showering perfumes and flowers on the guests. Flowers were presented to the guests by slaves. They were crowned with wreaths, usually after one course the tables were removed and others placed before the guests. Throughout the meal drinking continued until the banqueters fell under the table stupefied. In those days men lived to eat. Great generals spent fortunes accumulated in years of warfare in gratifying their appetites. Lucullus on one dinner with Cicero and Pompey spent 50,000 drachmas, or $7,000. Vitellius, who was famed for the delicacy and originality of his dinners, wrapped his tongue in linen when not using it. That he might better appreciate flavors of the viands he had it cleaned with fish skin before dining.

**Not Listening.**

She was a very little girl, but not so small that she did not recognize swearing as something very wrong or that if other people used bad language it was her place to close her ears to it. She was on the street with her mother, and as they passed a group of men talking in loud tones the passersby heard the small girl exclaim in shocked tones: "Oh, isn't that awful?" And then, as if suddenly remembering, "But I'm not listening."—New York Times.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